THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, July 10 1954

Thomas Balogh: U.S. SLUMP AHEAD?

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1218 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	29
ADENAUER AGONISTES	32
IS THE U.S. HEADED FOR A SLUMP? By Thomas Balogh	32
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	34
THIS ENGLAND	35
SIAMESE TWINS. By Sagittarius	35
COMMON SENSE AND CENSORSHIP. By C. H. Rolph	35
JUSTICE BEYOND THE ATLAS. By Anthony Carson	36
PERSON X. By Ritchie Calder	38
SLICK FICTION FOR AN AGE OF LONGING. By Robert D. Kempner	40
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
The Ring Restaged. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	41
Delicacy and Gentility. By John Berger	42
Look and Listen. By William Salter	42
The Movies. By William Whitebait	43
CORRESPONDENCE	44
From Moss Murray; E. G. M. Ndawula; Alec Craig; Marghanita Laski; Thomas Balogh; Dorothy F. Buxton; Leonard Cassini; Edward Short.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	46
EPITAPH FOR A HORSEMAN. By Michael Hamburger	47
GALATEA. By Robert Conquest	47
REVIEWS:	Page
Hitler's Empire. By A. J. P. Taylor	47
The Symbols of Jerusalem. By Kathleen Raine	47
Duke's Son, Cook's Son. By Maurice Richardson	48
Out of Hell. By Adam Curle	50
Broken Cisterns or Living Waters? By Donald Davie	50
New Novels. By Walter Allen	51
Kitchen Life. By Margaret Lane	52
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	53
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	54
CHESS. By Assiac	55
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	56

The Façade of Civil Defence

WHENEVER the Government desires to generate a comfortable atmosphere of reassurance to counter public uneasiness over any of its sins of omission or commission, it likes to call in aid the earnest eye and pious platitudes of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. Nobody (credulous M.P.s have often been trapped into believing) who looks so solemn, speaks so courteously, and has obviously had to labour so hard to master his brief, could possess either the wit or the guile to ensnare. This week, however, the tactic which had served so well to comfort the middle-class conscience over sponsored TV, failed to conceal the truth about Civil Defence.

Last Monday's debate made it clear that the Government has omitted to take any serious steps to protect the civil population from the effects of up-to-date methods of aerial bombardment. Nor is this strange omission due to the incompetence of the Ministers concerned. It is the deliberate and chosen policy of successive Governments. The Service chiefs have demanded, and both Mr. Attlee and Sir Winston Churchill have agreed, that all but a trifle of the resources available to Defence should be devoted to the preparations for waging war. The crumb which is thrown to Civil Defence—£29m. this year, compared with £1,550m. to the armed forces—is the cost of a clumsily contrived façade, intended to dupe the public into acceptance of the terrible risks attached to our present Defence policy.

Indeed, there is among the public, which has barely given a thought to Civil Defence since the end of the V2s, a dangerous complacency; though it arises as much from ignorance of the facts as from any faith in the adequacy of existing Home Office arrangements. The essential facts can be stated shortly. The Government makes no pretence that its plans are commensurate with the destructive power of the H-Bomb, or even adequate to meet a sustained attack with A-Bombs. Further, many of its preparations, as Civil Defence workers well know, have been hopelessly out of date since 1941. The much-discussed Coventry control centre, above ground and served by land telephone lines, is a particularly apposite example. Even the very limited progress which the Government can claim towards its own inadequate goals is largely a sham. In Monday's debate, Mr. Albu, himself a member of the Select Committee which in a recent report severely criticised the Government's Civil Defence plans, pointed out that "after five years of the Civil Defence Corps, we have under 2 per cent. of the . . . membership trained in the services which they will be required to operate."

This dismal record of wasted effort must be viewed against the background of an American strategic policy which does not even aim at successful co-existence with the Communist world in Europe, and which has accepted for the U.K. the role of advanced A-Bomb and H-Bomb base for the Western alliance. Western dependence on the deterrent effect of our atomic stockpile means, if it is not sheer bluff, that in the event of a war in Europe the first act by the West would be the nuclear bombing of targets in Russia. Times have changed since the Labour Home Secretary could tell Parliament in 1950 that he did not believe "a large number of atomic bombs could be dropped by any country." Today, both halves of the world command their stockpiles; and while Britain allows herself to be used as the principal aircraft carrier of U.S. strategy in Europe, we make ourselves the prime target for enemy counter-attack. As things stand, Britain will be A-bombed or H-bombed in the event of war—whether in anticipation or in retaliation.

That is the prospect we face without any real attempt to provide for the defence of the civil population. It is British Government policy which agrees to expose the people of Britain to this appalling risk; and it is equally deliberate policy which chooses to leave them defenceless in the face of it. There are two courses which in theory the

Government could follow. It could make a vigorous and genuine attempt to build up a viable organisation of Civil Defence, which, by concentrating on alternative methods of communication, transportation and food supply, would facilitate a large scale dispersal of population. Such an effort, which would have to be accompanied by the provision of deep shelters, might, if it was to be executed in a reasonable period, cost some £300 m. or £400 m. a year for a period of about ten years. Much, too, could be done to lessen the risk that Britain would be inevitably regarded by an enemy as the first target. Neither of these courses would, it is true, be adequate by itself. In the world of today, there is no foreign policy which can absolve a government from the need to make some considerable investment in Civil Defence: equally the resources are simply not available, even when other Defence commitments have been reasonably pruned, to permit a degree of Civil Defence which would justify the risks of the Government's present strategy.

It is only by doing both these things at once that the risk to Britain can be reduced to reasonable proportions. The protection of the population must be accepted as an integral part of Defence policy, other Service estimates being cut to accommodate it and a considerable proportion of National Servicemen being diverted from combatant formations to Civil Defence " mobile columns." At the same time, the Government must publicly affirm that we shall not ourselves use nuclear weapons, nor in any circumstances allow them to be used from bases on British soil. By these means, the Government can provide us with the minimum of effective Civil Defence which a great Power must have; at the same time, it can begin to reduce our risk of aerial attack to the level at which the Civil Defence we can afford will give us a fair chance of survival.

The U.S. and the Delta

The aggrieved complaint of the State Department that the U.S. was not informed of the large French withdrawal from the Hanoi region is less odd than the European observer might think at first. Billions of dollars worth of U.S. material may fall, the Pentagon fears, into Viet Minh hands and be used in Laos and Cambodia —just as U.S. supplies to the Kuomintang were used to turn both Americans and Chiang Kai-shek out of China. The State Department and belligerent Senators, like Knowland, cannot face the fact that the French had no alternative to withdrawal; nor can they share our hopes that a peculiarly horrible and unnecessary war is coming to an end. The difference between America and Britain on this issue is that we recognise the facts and seek a guarantee for the future to which China and India will be parties, while the United States denounces any such agreement as treachery; suggests, through Senator Knowland, that the U.S. will leave the U.N. if Peking enters it; and declares that no further aid should be sent to any State which is " committed by treaty to maintain Communist rule over any defined territory in Asia." In short, the long-term war must be continued at all costs.

Guatemalan Aftermath

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is earning a name for tough cynicism. Under pressure from Labour Members on Monday, he supposed that the late Guatemalan Government's complaint of aggression by neighbouring States would " have to be considered again by the Security Council *in one form or another*"; but he added, without much sign of regret, that " the whole thing had fizzled out." Seeing that the aftermath of the " fizzle " includes the wreckage of a British ship set on fire by P47 planes, the incarceration of over 2,000 wretched Guatemalan " Communists," and the swift dispatch already by firing squad of one Guatemalan judge who supported the Arbenz regime, it was disconcerting to observe the complacency with which Mr. Lloyd hastened in the Commons to accept the State Department's version of recent events in Guatemala. The " glorious victory " of which Mr. Dulles boasts has done no credit either to the Security Council or the British Government. Nor will it ultimately advantage the U.S. that the U.N. should play Gallio while the Government of a member State is overturned by armed force aided and organised abroad.

The Miners' Demands

Deep-mined output up by 1.5m. tons, but consumption 3.3m. tons higher—such is the coal picture for the first half of 1954. It is not the miners' fault: " voluntary " absenteeism is down; and, though overall output per man-shift is only up by a tiny fraction, there was never any warrant for expecting a large increase in productivity without much more vigorous action by the N.C.B. in pressing forward development schemes and the sinking of new pits. In addition, there were 8,000 fewer miners on colliery books at the end of June than a year ago, and 3,000 fewer at the face. At this week's N.U.M. conference, both the new President, Mr. W. E. Jones, and Mr. Horner insisted on the urgent need for more manpower; but there are not enough boys in the colliery areas to provide sufficient recruits, and—without more attractive conditions—new entrants from other areas will not be forthcoming. This forms the justification for the fresh demands which the N.U.M. is tabling—a new wages structure, with gradings simplified and rates levelled up; payment of wages during sickness; and the replacement of the five-shift bonus by a consolidated increase of 20 per cent. on day wage rates and 16 per cent. on piece rates. It may be doubted whether even these concessions will bring many new entrants into the industry: coal mining is becoming more and more unpopular. But there can be no question of the N.C.B. rejecting these demands: the country cannot face the prospect of a discontented and falling labour force in the mines; and it is significant that Yorkshire, a stronghold of the " moderates," is the centre of some of the most serious present discontent.

GOING ON HOLIDAY ?

Do not rely on picking up your copies of THE NEW STATESMAN. We will post them on THURSDAY nights to you at any address abroad. Simply send us your address and 10½*d.* for each copy. Even if you are staying at home you should place a DEFINITE ORDER with your Newsagent to avoid missing your copy.

THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Advertisers and Viewers

The Second Reading debate on the Television Bill in the Lords merely confirmed what had already become plain in the Commons—that television run by programme contractors under the vague tutelage of the Independent Television Authority will not differ essentially from a system of sponsored television. It is clear that the influence of advertisers on a programme will be predominant. Mr. Gammans admitted in the Commons that the advertiser would be entitled to know " the type of programme which his advertisement will follow or precede." In short, as Lord De La Warr smoothly observed in the Lords, " it is just a matter of a programme contractor knowing his job." Precisely: his job will be to put on programmes which he can " sell " to advertisers as being likely to attract mass audiences for the advertisements which pay for the performance. In these circumstances, the fact that the programme will not be labelled " By courtesy of —— " is immaterial. Nor is the objection to advertisement-financed television met by Lord Layton's argument that advertisers of high standing will not seek to debase the level of programmes. There are plenty of advertisers in whose eyes programmes on the " comic strip " level will appeal as most likely to attract the maximum number of impressionable viewers.

Road Haulage Sales

The fiasco of road transport denationalisation has been just as sensational as that of the ill-fated ground-nuts scheme. But since the national press favours free enterprise we hear a great deal more about the past failures of Mr. Strachey than about the present failures of Mr. Lennox Boyd. Last Tuesday, in a short but extremely informative debate, the Minister was challenged by Mr. Callaghan to explain the inability of the Disposal Board to get rid of more than 6,000 of the 36,000 vehicles put up for sale in the last fourteen months. Mr. Lennox Boyd argued that the delay is due to the clause in the Act which instructs him to start by disposing of lots suitable for the small man: when next autumn the bigger lots are put up, the total of sales should increase. There is something in this reply—but not very much. The plain fact is that the thousands of small entrepreneurs who, according to the Minister, were desperately anxious to enter the industry, do not exist. Indeed, a large number of the vehicles so far disposed of have been bought by hauliers merely in order to obtain an A licence and so to legitimise their operations beyond the twenty-five mile limit. The abject failure of the Disposal Board is the best evidence that nationalised road haulage, which last year made £8m. of profit, was beginning to provide a first-rate service. It is a pity that it should be necessary to go through the wasteful process of an obviously unsuccessful denationalisation in order to prove to the business community the virtues of public ownership in this industry.

NEW DELHI

Chou En-lai's Visit

Our New Delhi Correspondent writes: At the State banquet in honour of Chou En-lai, India's guest in New Delhi, Nehru said: "Destiny beckons to our countries, and I hope that neither of them will be found wanting at this great moment of history." As the two statesmen, garlanded and showered with flower petals, rode side by side to the applause of the humble folk lining the dusty roads, one could sense the obvious feeling among Indians of relief at this demonstration.

When Chou En-lai and Nehru got down to business—and the greater part of their time was devoted to Indo-China—neither was prepared to give much away. So far as international relations in general are concerned, Nehru is believed to have extolled the virtues of the Commonwealth and to have made it clear that it was an association he intended to maintain. They wrestled into the small hours of the morning over the joint statement issued. It prescribed the five guiding principles of the Tibet Treaty as a remedy for present ills and urged their application to the rest of Asia and the world. In contrast to Western reliance on collective defence, the Eastern Prime Ministers declared for collective peace, and the slogan of "Peace through Strength" (meaning force) was challenged by Chou En-lai's "Strength through Friendship."

There is one danger in this *rapprochement*. India has resisted the American attempt to draw sharply a dividing line on "thus far and no further" principles between Communist and non-Communist countries; but care will need to be taken lest the drawing together of Asian nations should create a hard division between East and West. As seen here, a virtue of Mr. Eden's "Locarno" proposal is that it spans the territories in which the opposing ideologies have taken root and offers an agreement in which both sides, *and those non-committed*, can take part.

PARIS

Civil War in North Africa ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Although the investiture of M. Mendès-France and his creation of a new Ministry for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs were well received in Nationalist circles, the situation in North Africa continues to deteriorate. In Tunisia, the disintegration of the discredited M'zali Ministry began on June 15 with the resignation of General Saadallah; two weeks ago the remaining Ministers resigned collectively; and last Monday they refused the Bey's request to discharge current business until the appointment of their successors. In the interior of the country, attacks by bands of *fellaghas* on outlying farms are increasing daily and, despite strong police and military reinforcements, the authorities exercise only nominal control over large areas. In Morocco, also, affairs have taken a more serious turn in recent weeks. There are signs that the haphazard waves of terrorism that have swept the country since the *coup d'état* last August are becoming a systematic campaign.

Not surprisingly, the increasing effectiveness of the terrorists has led to retaliations. Two days before the arrival of the new Resident-General, M. Lacoste, who is generally regarded as "neutral," three extremist settlers' groups amalgamated to form an organisation calling itself *L'Union pour la Présence Française*, which claims to number over 30,000 adherents. Some of them greeted M. Lacoste's arrival by staging a hostile demonstration at the airport; and they have since threatened open violence if he fulfills his promise to release certain Nationalist leaders. The situation, however, is by no means hopeless. There are indications that many settlers now recognise that the policy inaugurated last August has been a failure and that the formation of the Mendès-France Government provides a good opportunity for substantial concessions. In addition, Mendès-France's hand may be strengthened by pressure from America. The current visit of Mr. Robert Cutler, President Eisenhower's liaison officer with the National Security Council, is ostensibly a tour of American military installations in Morocco; but it is widely believed that he is making a more general political survey.

In Tunisia the extremist settlers can bring less pressure to bear on the Government. The Néo-Destour is a more experienced political organisation than the Istiqlal and its leaders have shown consistent and surprising moderation. From his recent statements it is clear that M. Bourguiba, now imprisoned on the Ile de Groix, is prepared to meet M. Mendès-France half way; and it is even possible that he may be prepared to accept the reforms announced by the Government in March as a basis of discussion. Will the Government deal directly with the Néo-Destour? In the July issue of *Politique Etrangère*, M. Hedi Houira puts forward a detailed statement of Néo-Destourian aims which is not very different from the views held by M. Francois Mitterrand. Moreover, the Cabinet are agreed on the urgent need for action. There is widespread concern that the imprisonment or confinement of so many Néo-Destourian leaders is weakening their hold on the Nationalists, while the terrorist leader, Lassaoued, is gaining mass support.

ROME

Demochristians in Congress

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The San Carlo Opera House in Naples is an appropriate setting for the Italian style of political oratory: but the Demochristian National Congress produced few *colpi di scena*. This disappointed those who hoped for "openings" to Left or Right. The latter was made less likely by the recent split in the Monarchist Party, with which Right-wing Demochristians sought to renew Signor Pella's working alliance of last year; and Signor Gronchi's suggestion of an understanding with the Nenni Socialists was firmly vetoed by Signor Pastore, Secretary of the C.I.S.L., when the employers' Confindustria at last signed its minimum-wage agreement with the Catholic and Centre-Party Unions.

At the Congress, therefore, skirmishing was on a minor scale; and it even included the threat of a Left-Right alliance against the Centre. This produced close voting on Signor Gronchi's crucial proposal for proportional representation on the National Council; but with the support of the large group of Lombardy delegates, the De Gasperi-Fanfani alliance of the Centre narrowly won the procedural battle and hence a large majority of seats in the election itself. Of the 42 members elected to the Council, 34 were candidates from the old De Gasperi Centre and from Fanfani's highly organised "Democratic Initiative." Signor Pastore's group contributed three deputies, and the Right wing only one—the astute and influential Signor Andreotti. His presence, together with the absence of Signor Gronchi and the representation of Catholic Action in the person of Signor Colombo, suggests that the new Council, despite its slogans, will still have close connections with the Old Guard and with the Right. Thus composed, it will have to face a major problem—that of the South. The vast and costly agricultural strike in Ferrara, broken last week with the aid of troops, was a grimly effective dress-rehearsal of what may happen in the Southern provinces of Italy unless the present uneasy political stalemate produces reforms.

WESTMINSTER

A Misery of Ministers

This has been a hard week for Ministers. One after the other they have gripped the edges of the Dispatch Box trying to look assured and confident, as Ministers must always look, but managing only to look as they usually feel, uneasy, unsure and unhappy. And for once not one single member of the Opposition Front Bench came to their rescue—they even joined in the attack. Which is most hurtful to Ministers. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, for all his too obvious and too humble desire to be popular in Parliament, has shown himself, when making decisions in the Home Office, to be hard and ruthless. He made a poor showing when he tried to justify his obstinacy in the case of Dr. Cort. The more he floundered in replying to questions, the more the Opposition became convinced that political asylum is now reserved for refugees from the East. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was next to try. Even with everything in his favour Selwyn Lloyd fails to command the House; in explaining Britain's acquiescence in the side-tracking of Guatemala's complaint to the Security Council he had nothing in his favour. He was, poor lad, the unfortunate target for a demonstration of Labour Party unity.

On Monday Maxwell Fyfe was flayed again, this time on Civil Defence, but the really miserable Minister was his Under-Secretary, Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth. It used to be said that Sir Hugh's failure to get on, after entering the House as a wealthy baronet in his twenties, was because successive Speakers, Chairmen and their Deputies could not, after any reasonable dinner, trust their tongues to cope with the tricky exercise of calling "Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth." But after his lamentable performance on Monday he can be likened to the man to whom the psychiatrist said, "No, sir, there is no excuse, you cannot claim an inferiority complex, you are just inferior."

But there was neither inferiority nor complex about the leaders of Tuesday's debate on Road Transport. Both Jim Callaghan and Lennox-Boyd are suspected of being clever blokes, and are carefully watched in consequence. This wariness of the fluent, articulate debater, as both men are, is derived from the fallacious assumption that passion or logic, if well expressed, must be synthetic. This is probably true of Mr. Lennox-Boyd, who is glib, superficial and arrogant, and who, until the dramatic failure of his transport denationalisation, was imperturbable. It is not true of Jim Callaghan, who is both able and likeable. But it was a less suave Lennox-Boyd who flashed his teeth and ogled on Tuesday. Jim Callaghan was in top debating form—as he should have been in view of the fact that the day before an evening paper had named him as a possible future Prime Minister. If he is to make good this prophecy he will have to apply his talents a little more to the fundamentals of Socialist policy and philosophy. At the moment it could be said that the only thing that moves him is transport.

The wrangle over Members' salaries is now bogged down in a series of sterile exchanges at secret meetings. Most Labour Members are opposed to the rumoured offer of a daily subsistence allowance—lodging terms for M.P.s. A few may argue that we should take anything that is offered. But more Members are beginning to feel that we are in danger of appearing to crawl to scavenge a few crumbs from the Chancellor's table.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Adenauer Agonistes

LAST week Dr. Adenauer served notice on the French Government that the leadership of Western Europe has now passed from Paris to Bonn. The words he chose could not have been more wounding to French pride. M. Mendès-France had been searching for a method of amending the E.D.C. Treaty which would make its ratification a political possibility, and had just appointed a distinguished official of the Quai d'Orsay to discuss this new approach with the German Chancellor. But before he even set out for Bonn, Dr. Adenauer had dismissed him. In a carefully prepared "informal" broadcast interview with his *famulus*, Dr. Friedländer, he remarked that he himself would somewhat prefer the E.D.C. solution; any revision of the Treaty, however, was out of the question. The French Assembly must ratify it at once; otherwise Western Germany will proceed to organise a national army.

Apologists for Dr. Adenauer are already reassuring us that, in delivering this ultimatum, he was only repeating the gist of the decision reached by Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston at Washington. But it will be observed in Paris—if not in Washington and London—that France, Britain and the U.S. are still, theoretically at least, three equal Occupying Powers. By stating his own independent decision on the issue of rearmament, Dr. Adenauer was tearing up the Occupation Statute and asserting the full sovereignty which has been steadfastly refused him by the French Assembly. France may oppose: it is the Federal Chancellor who now disposes—and receives a fulsome telegram of thanks from Sir Winston for doing so! Dr. Adenauer's appalling frankness has achieved at least one useful purpose. As the *Daily Telegraph* observed last Monday, E.D.C. was never a method of preventing the West Germans from having a national army, but merely "a first step towards Germany's resumption of full sovereignty. . . . What E.D.C. does in effect is to sanction German rearmament while protesting that it is not German rearmament."

After Dr. Adenauer's pronunciamento, anyone who was persuaded by the sweet reasonableness of Mr. Attlee's broadcast that E.D.C. would provide adequate safeguards against the emergence of a German national army will have to think again. The German Chancellor has removed the last flake of sugar from the pill which Mr. Attlee was trying to persuade his Party to swallow. Now no one can deny that what the Labour Party is being asked to condone is a decision to make a rearmed Western Germany a full member of Nato and the arbiter of Western Europe.

It is a remarkable fact that, despite four years of intensive and often disingenuous propaganda in Parliament, in the press and recently on the B.B.C., the opposition in this country against German rearmament should have retained so much strength and vitality. A very large segment of public opinion—chiefly on the Left but not confined to any one Party—remains obstinately unconvinced that the security of this country will be increased, and the prospects of peace improved, by making the Federal Republic a sovereign State and raising twelve German divisions. The British people accepted Nato only reluctantly, and after they had been assured by Ernest Bevin that it was both a practical alternative to large-scale rearmament and a purely defensive organisation. But now that we are rearming the Bonn Government, which is publicly pledged to restore the 1937 frontiers of the Third Reich, the pretence that Nato is defensive is wearing thin. Who can deny that, once this Anglo-American policy is imposed on France, the Atlantic defence system will be transformed into an aggressive bloc and that the effective power within it will be shared between Washington and Bonn? Who can deny that, within a very few years, power will be used to initiate "dynamic" policies in Eastern Germany and Eastern Europe, as dangerous as those interventionist American policies which successive British Governments have opposed in South-East Asia?

We can be sure that, when the dire consequences of West German rearmament become apparent, Sir Winston and Mr. Attlee (or their successors in official leadership) will once again raise their voices in protest. Whenever and wherever an imminent danger of general war emerges, any British Government is bound to exercise restraint on the U.S., even at the risk of being denounced as an appeaser. For no British politician of any Party can condone belligerent actions by an ally which could result within a week in the total destruction of civilised life on these islands. Our uniquely exposed position forces us to behave as a nation of "appeasers" whenever an international crisis is permitted to develop to the point where appeasement is manifestly the only alternative to annihilation.

The chief problem of British statesmanship, therefore, is at what point this restraining influence should be exerted. Should we condone American policies which we know to be reckless so long as the danger is not imminent, and then, having half-heartedly committed ourselves in tranquil times, back out at the last moment? That has been the policy of those, in both the Conservative and Labour Parties, who boast of their friendship for the U.S. In the early stages of both the Korean and the Indo-China wars, these advocates of Atlantic unity denounced as anti-American those of us who dared to give warning of the dangers ahead while there was still time to steer clear of them. But, now that American policy has brought us to the edge of the abyss—as it did when MacArthur took the Korean war to the Yalu—they again protest against it, although, by delaying the protest to the last moment, they incur legitimate accusations of bad faith from across the Atlantic.

Will the same process be repeated in Europe? In 1950 the British and French Governments, though opposed to German rearmament, conceded the principle when presented with the Acheson ultimatum. In 1954 we are told that, whatever our misgivings, it is too late to reverse the policies to which we have been gradually committed. And Mr. Attlee pleads with the Labour Party to accept the *fait accompli* for the sake of Western unity and strength.

No plea could be more misguided. Now is the time to warn the Americans that, even if successive Governments have condoned German rearmament, this does not mean that its consequences will be condoned when they create the danger of war in Europe. When that happens, Mr. Eden and the official Labour leadership will be just as "anti-American" as Mr. Bevan is today. How much better to give the warning now! We believe that it is of the first importance for the Annual Conference of the Labour Party to repudiate the decisions to support E.D.C. which were carried by such narrow majorities in the Parliamentary Party and the National Executive. But the Conference should go further. It should define the conditions now in which Britain can agree to remain a member of Nato: one of them must be that Nato shall not be used for an aggressive policy in Eastern Europe. In Washington, if not in London, it has already been observed that policies denounced as irresponsible anti-Americanism are sometimes implemented by British Governments a year or two later. A victory for such policies at Scarborough next September might yet make the American administration realise that, by making Bonn the arbiter of Europe, they will in the end destroy not only Nato but the Anglo-American partnership as well. And once they realised this, they might draw back before it was too late.

Is the U.S. Headed for a Slump?

IN the summer of 1953, industrial production in the U.S. reached its highest point ever. Since then it has declined by some 10 per cent. Over the same period unemployment has risen from 1½ million to its current level of about 3½ million. Yet none of the consequences which had always been accepted as part of a fall in U.S. production and employment has, as yet, materialised. There has been no panic in the U.S.; investment has not fallen away; the Stock Exchange is booming. Nor have the British and European gold reserves come under pressure through cuts in American purchasing. They have been strengthened, in spite of the increasing trend towards the liberalisation of imports and an apparently not-too-distant convertibility. The symptoms of the dollar crisis seem to have vanished, and economists, always eager to generalise their short-term experiences, are already talking about a new era of secular expansion. Have all the well-known difficulties suddenly dissolved in the invigorating atmosphere of orthodox economics?

A well-known, ultra-Republican, American magazine recently published an elaborate review of likely economic developments in the U.S. It may be taken that this horoscope has been cast by those responsible for advising the President on economic matters The picture, not altogether unexpectedly, was a reassuring one. Although Defence expenditure, under the New Look strategy, had already fallen by some $4 billion a year in comparison with its peak in May, 1953, it was expected in this forecast to decline by another $8 billion a year within the next twelve months. Yet the rate of total spending and income was forecast to rise by as much as $6.7 billion—in other words, to very nearly the top figure reached in 1953. As capital equipment and productivity have increased since then, it is held that there should be no threat of inflation. There would be just that modicum of under-employment needed to ensure stability, yet not enough to create a slump. The key to this happy expectation is faith. The table on the opposite page gives a detailed break-down of the pattern of private and Government spending which the inner circle of Republican experts recently expected for the spring of next year, in comparison with estimates for the current year. (There have been some later revisions for 1954, mostly in a favourable sense—especially with regard to Defence expenditure.) It indicates a barely perceptible increase in consumption, and much of this is to be occasioned by an increased expenditure on "services," *i.e.*, mainly on increased rents. These are forecast to total about $84.9 billion a year by next

spring, compared with $77.6 billion a year ago. The forecast is that expenditure on goods will recover from the present $146 billion to $147.6 billion. At that level it would be still $5.2 billion, or just over 3 per cent., below the maximum reached a year ago.

It is clear that the Republican High Command has persuaded itself that the decline of U.S. production in the past year is no more than a repetition of the previous "rolling readjustments"; that is, a mere fluctuation of stocks in the factories and shops. On the face of it this is a remarkable view. In recent years North American productive capacity has been growing at an annual rate of some 5 per cent. In other words, the U.S. had the capacity each year to produce some $18 billion more goods than the year before. Steel ingot capacity, for example, has been increased during the last four years by 25 million tons, or by more than half of the total capacity of the U.S.S.R. and by well over the whole of our own capacity. Aluminium and chemical capacities have been doubled since the end of the war.

It was this vast productive potential which enabled the U.S. to increase Defence expenditure from $22.1 billion in 1949 to $51.8 billion in 1953 (in terms of 1953 prices), while real productive investment rose from $42.7 billion to $51.8 billion. Yet consumption also expanded from $205 billion to nearly $230 billion—or by little less than Britain's total national consumption. What is more, U.S. productive capacity was immensely stimulated by rearmament, a fact which may constitute a useful warning to those who think they can weaken Germany economically by allowing her to rearm. However, if there is no increase in demand, investment must at some time decline; and no one in U.S. official circles, however confident about the general economic outlook, seems to anticipate any such increase in demand. It is true that some of the slack could be taken up by reduced overtime and a decline in the working population. If this could be brought about without a decrease in consumption-demand, it would, of course, be one of the best ways of achieving a higher living standard. But there is no sign of any such development. The bare maintenance of consumption has been as a result of social insurance payments rather than of increased wage rates; while personal savings have increased, despite the fall in income. All this means that the hope of an increase in consumption is highly optimistic; and, to that extent, an eventual collapse of investment becomes the more probable.

The immense backlog of orders, even now some $52 billion as against $20 billion in the prosperous year of 1948, goes some way to explain why investment has, so far, held up as well as it has, despite the fall in production. But this backlog has fallen by $23 billion in the last year and clearly cannot act as a stabilising factor indefinitely. Nevertheless, the fact that some two-thirds of current gross investment is financed out of depreciation allowances suggests that investment in plant replacement and modernisation (as distinct from new productive capacity) may well be maintained. This now represents well over half of the total and its importance is still increasing. The rate of investment may, therefore, be held at a much higher level, on the basis of the current level of private demand, than could otherwise be expected. But it is difficult to see any reason why it should positively expand. Still, it can reasonably be argued that the official analysis has weathered the first six months of this year. The prediction of stability can be claimed to have been vindicated by events. Here, at last, it may be said, is comfort: look after business men and they will look after business. Washington and Wall Street now take it almost for granted that any downward trend in the U.S. economy can be explain by fluctuations in stocks, which will soon come to an end. Meanwhile, reduced taxation on corporations can mitigate, it is held, the effect of a sharp decline in net profits. Moreover, the general "confidence" engendered by the return to "sound government," together with increased dividends and reduced taxes, has pushed security prices to a new high level and, by simultaneously reducing company savings, contributed to the relative stability of incomes.

The absurd political implications of some of these contentions must not blind one to the very real progress which has been made in Republican economic thinking. The mid-winter madness of 1953, when the imposition of dear money all but wrecked the economy, is not going to recur. Should any real slump develop, there is no doubt that the automatic stabilising factors in the U.S. would somehow be supported by Government action. And the strength of these stabilising factors has been substantially increased even since 1939, and incomparably since 1929. Taxation, for instance, is now on a steeply progressive basis. Any down-turn in the economy would, therefore, immediately reduce Budget receipts. As expenditure would at the same time increase, a wide deficit would appear in the Budget, with a consequential slowing down of the decline. A deficit of this sort could not, however, reverse a slump, though it could play its part among other and more aggressive measures; while a more drastic and deliberate unbalancing of the Budget would still fly in the face of the Administration's most cherished beliefs. As recently as two weeks ago, the Secretary of the Treasury was insisting that a further cut of some $5 billion in Government spending could and should be enforced. In the absence, therefore, of greatly heightened international tension, leading to a really substantial increase in Defence expenditure, this partial way of escape seems, at any rate for the immediate future, to be blocked.

Another part-solution, which was actually used with effect in 1949, might be a deliberate extension of the housing programme, over and above the successful easing of the mortgage-loan market. But, even if this were practicable in the face of opposition from the real-estate Lobby, it can hardly be expected that the slight cut in rents which it would vouchsafe would be sufficient, alongside falling wage-packets, to provide a real prop for economic activity. At the rate of a million houses a year the backlog of housing, for those who can afford to buy, is rapidly being exhausted.

American investment could, of course, become less productive: in other words, the relation of capital equipment to output might change. Houses, roads, generating plant produce relatively little output for the resources they absorb; and a sharp lowering of the rate of interest might promote such a change. Thus, a relatively high rate of investment could be made compatible with a slower growth of output. It is unlikely, however, that such an indirect stimulus by investment would be sufficient in itself to reverse the downward trend. U.S. capital equipment has doubled in the last decade; and there seems no early prospect of an increase in demand which would necessitate further expansion. For a while, their friends in Washington might persuade the entrepreneurs to play the game and continue their investment at the existing rate. But no one has suggested that they can be persuaded to increase it. The boom on Wall Street shows that a favourable psychological atmosphere exists; but Wall Street continued to boom in 1929, long after the depression had begun.

If, in spite of official optimism, neither a Government deficit nor an increase of consumption nor a substantial stepping-up of investment is on the cards, then a stabilisation of activity at or near the present level of under-employment is the best remaining alternative. But, as time passes and demand remains below productive capacity, the scepticism of the entrepreneurs is bound to increase; and thus the likelihood is that the automatic stabilisers will prove inadequate, that "confidence" will gradually evaporate, and that business activity will slacken in a series of gradual stages.

The "Confidence" Trick

What does all this add up to? There is no reason to expect a repetition of past depressions. I should expect activity to sag gradually as investment projects are completed. This decline may well be interrupted by spasms of revived consumption; and, from time to time, production may be further stimulated by a check in the run-down of accumulated stocks. The real alarm is properly caused by the attitude of the conservative-minded U.S. economic experts. These men profess to heal by faith. They admit no need for intervention; yet they cannot logically sustain their claim that demand will expand. But in the long run, if demand does not expand, investment must decline sharply, and it is then that an old-fashioned slump could begin. It is inner uncertainty about all this which goes far to explain the nameless fears dominating the American political scene, both internally and externally. These fears remain, despite the smooth phrases of the psychological warriors round the White House, who know that, unless they can continue to produce good omens, failure will in the end overtake them. Only an increase in Defence expenditure seems psychologically feasible; and with it the support for a "tough" line against the Communists increases.

So the American domestic scene shows a completely novel conjunction of circumstances: once again, it has proved a trap for economic soothsayers. Yet the effect of all this on the world outside has been, perhaps, even more remarkable. A year ago, it seemed to be accepted as a kind of economic law that a decline in America's production would bring about a sharp cut in her imports. Past experience suggested that a decline of some 6 per cent. in the U.S. national product could be expected to entail a fall in imports from Britain and the Sterling Area of about 33 per cent. The fall last year in the national product was 3.7 per cent.; but imports as a whole have declined by only some 10 per cent., and those from this

	Personal Spending	Private Investment			Government Spending			Total Spending in U.S.
		Fixed	Inventories	Total	Federal	State	Total	
Spring, 1953	230.4	49.7	6.3	56.0	60.5	24.5	85.0	371.4
Spring, 1954	228.0	49.0	−4.8	44.2	57.2	26.7	83.9	356.1
Spring, 1955	232.5	49.5	+2.3	51.8	49.8	28.7	78.5	362.8

country by only slightly more than that. The increase in military expenditure and aid more than matched the deterioration in trade. Equally surprising, there was no deterioration in the Sterling Area terms of trade. Cocoa, indeed, rose to new high levels, while wool, rubber, and non-ferrous metals also recovered. At the same time, U.K. terms of trade continued favourable, due, in the main, to the weakness of dollar supplies such as wheat and oil.

Part of this improvement can be easily explained. The present lull in the U.S. has coincided with a revival in Europe. Non-dollar supplies have expanded, and with this expansion the urgency of demand for dollar goods has subsided. It should be borne in mind also that most countries are still severely discriminating against dollar imports, and that the American Government has sharply increased its foreign arms purchases and other aid. Without this aid, the American external surplus would have been some $4.7 billion in 1953, of which only half a billion would have been covered by private investment. Yet, when all these factors have been enumerated, one can see that purely economic explanations miss the real point. The absence of drastic American import cuts—and equally of an ever-accelerating export of capital from Europe, has been due to the fact that no devaluation of West European currencies has, on this occasion, been expected; and the Administration in Washington, by contrast with 1949 and 1951, has not been spreading alarmist rumours about the economic future of Britain and Europe.

It has, in fact, been the "confidence" of capitalists, bankers, and traders, in the Tory Government of Britain no less than in the Republican Government of the U.S., which has done the trick. The coincidence of a European boom with an American relapse has, it is true, strengthened the dollar balances of the non-dollar countries by preventing a collapse of prices, despite the decline of demand in the U.S. But this coincidence could not have happened without "confidence" in the pound. It is likely, in any case, that the continuing increase of Britain's dollar reserves is due to an increase in the short-term funds of other countries in London, encouraged there by new facilities for commodity dealings. To that extent, Britain's increased reserves are borrowed strength, which must not be committed to sustain our own balance. Thus, the sort of psychology which sustains American business is largely responsible also for the mitigation of Britain's dollar crisis. And there is the rub for Labour. For the next Labour Government will be, willy-nilly, committed to policies which, designed to redistribute income and raise the living standards of the mass of the people, may prove destructive to the "confidence" of the financial and commercial oligarchy; while any attempt to appease the City would result in political catastrophe.

To say this, is not to justify the present Government's drift towards pre-war methods and conditions. It is to emphasise that Labour will have to think quickly and fearlessly about the programme it proposes to offer to the country and the powers it will need to carry that programme out in the face of diminished "confidence." If Labour fails to offer a coherent alternative to Toryism, or fails to plan in some detail its methods of fulfilling its promises, the economic future of Britain will continue to depend on the present combination of luck and "confidence"; and Mr. Butler, even if no economist, may be a more practised operator at this particular gaming-table than any successor the Labour Party is likely to produce.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

WHAT does Mr. Dulles mean, people ask me, by saying that he fears an effort to put Peking on to the United Nations in September? Has America not a double veto in the Security Council? Mr. Dulles can insist that the question of substituting Mao Tse-tung for Chiang Kai-shek is a matter of substance which demands unanimity. In the last resort he also has a further veto. Inquiry from experts yields a complex answer which may be briefly summarised like this. The Assembly has its own credentials committee, which last year only postponed for twelve months the question of accepting Peking. If the Assembly invites Peking in September, we could be confronted with the absurdity of Peking in the Assembly and Formosa kept in the Security Council solely by virtue of American support. This, Mr. Dulles fears, would be politically impossible. After all, it is the U.S. which conferred new powers on the Assembly in order to strengthen the U.N. against Communism. Moreover, one of the chief counts of the U.S. against Soviet behaviour in the U.N. would be destroyed by the open use of the American veto against the majority of the United Nations. Russia has made excessive use of the veto. The fact that America occasionally uses it would be publicly exposed. The way in which the U.S. veto is indirectly applied was recently illustrated, when Britain agreed to reject the consideration of Guatemala's case because Mr. Dulles informed us that America would formally veto the proposal if other Powers agreed to it.

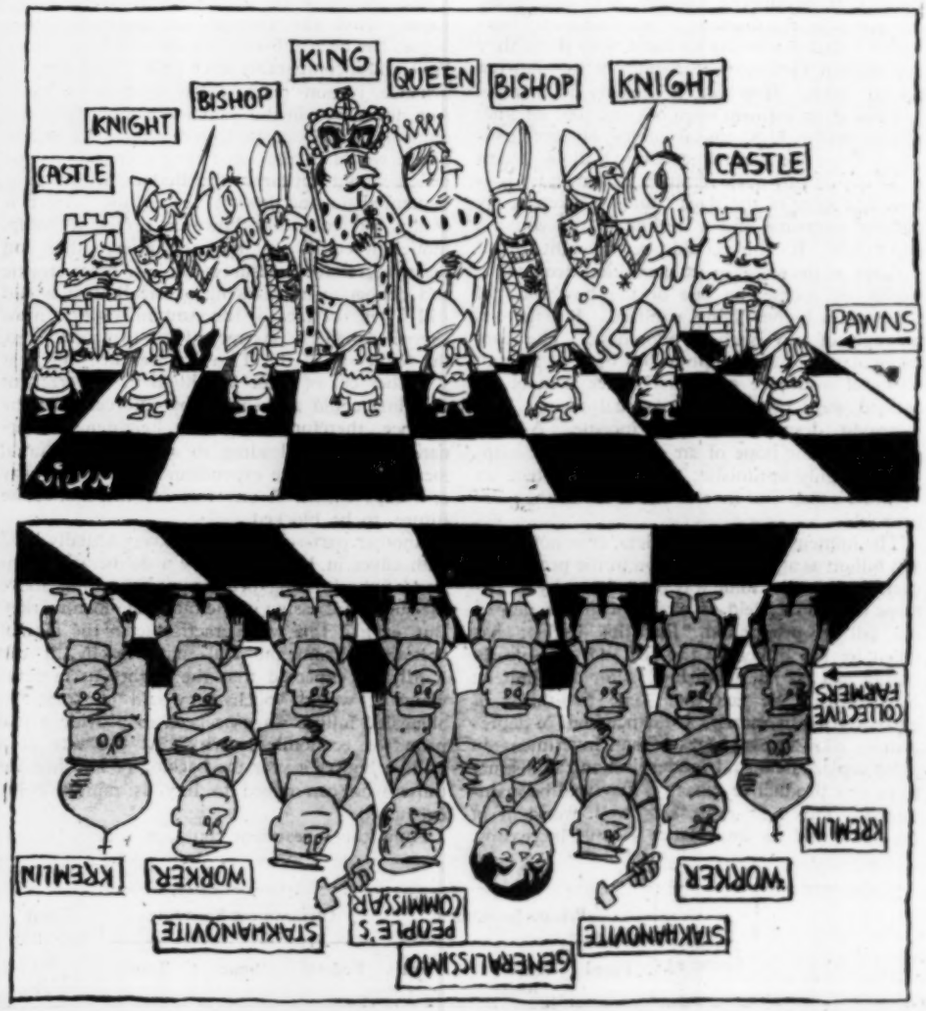
* * *

How times change! In 1935 a distinguished expert on foreign affairs published an article called "The Road to Peace" which contained the following diagnosis of the world's evils.

> The true explanation of the imminence of war lies in the inevitability of change, and the fact that peace efforts have been misdirected towards the prevention of change. It is easy to explain the confounding of peace with stability. Those whose lives fall in pleasant places contemplate with equanimity an indefinite continuation of their present state. "Peace" means to them that they should be undisturbed. "Aggression" becomes the capital international crime and "security" a watchword.

The distinguished expert went on to criticise the Covenant of the League of Nations. If it was observed, he argued, "existing frontiers would be perpetuated for all time save as one State freely ceded its territory to another; and this is both impracticable and undesirable."

This quotation is unearthed by the American liberal Izzy Stone in his *News Letter*. You have, of course, guessed the name of the author of this attack upon collective guarantees of the *status quo*. It was made by John Foster Dulles.



"A great huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world."

—THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

An elderly don crossing the Fellows' Garden at Christ's, Cambridge, stopped a young student and looked hard at the crest on his blazer. "Excuse me," he said. "My eyesight's failing—I don't recognise the college." "That, sir," said the student, with real pride, "is our dockers' badge." The crest was that of the National Dock Labour Board, adopted by the rowing and athletic clubs started by the dockers of the various ports. And the youth was a genuine student—a scholar for the week-end at Christ's, dining in hall with all the tradition and solemnity and sleeping in college, but taking his lectures with more earnestness than the average undergraduate. Here were 138 men from every port from Penzance to Aberdeen, attending college. It was no junket. They had paid fees and some of them had lost wages to come, although the National Dock Labour Board provided the facilities. So many had wanted to come and had had to be turned down that Lord Crook, chairman of the National Dock Labour Board, talks of taking not a college but a whole university in future. They were not all young, like those in the club blazers. Some of them had been fifty years in the docks, through the dockers' battles, the strikes, the poverty, the misery and the victimisations of casual dock-labour. But all of them, young and old, had attended classes—with university lecturers—at their home-ports and regional courses before they qualified to come to Cambridge. And that would not have been possible fifteen years ago either. As Lord Crook said, "If Ernie Bevin were to walk in through that door, he'd glower approvingly."

* * *

Mr. John Gordon belongs to the bulldog breed. Though indisposed, I understand, he paid his promised visit to Radstock. Unfortunately, he was apparently not well enough to call on any of the officials he had been traducing. He seems to have found the situation exactly as I had stated it. But he would not be worth his salt as an old Fleet Street hand if he could not tell the story as if it were I, not he, who was misinformed. He found a coal mine at Radstock, of course, and found "quite a bustle" going on there; he even saw "a lorry-load of coal at the entrance"! Which is one way of confirming the fact (which is not a handout or an invention, but just a fact), that the coal-mine shut down in March, and that any bustle since has just been part of the inevitable job of clearing up. As for the "34 clerks," Mr. Gordon must read a letter from an unofficial expert in the correspondence columns of this issue.

* * *

Some months ago, when I first learnt about the deliberate spreading of rabbit disease abroad, I wrote at some length about the problems it raised. Almost every dilemma of our age is in this affair. Rabbits are a pest; but will you not be committing the Greek sin of *hubris* if you try to exterminate them? Is this not another case of science running mad, over-riding every humane consideration? Or are we being sentimental because we were all brought up on Beatrix Potter? Why do we make a fuss about cruelty to rabbits when no one minds the many disgustingly cruel ways of killing rats? And so on. My own view was much influenced by my misery about the trapping of rabbits. Nothing, I felt, could be more cruel. But in the event, we seem to make the worst of all possible worlds. The misery of these animals, dying slowly and in agony, is heart-rending; the R.S.P.C.A. will find much support for its efforts to stop the deliberate spreading of the disease. Moreover, it seems likely that a tough strain of rabbit will survive, and in that case we shall soon be over-run again. The right procedure would be a properly organised national campaign of gassing, which is quick and comparatively painless, and the prohibition of all cruel methods of trapping.

* * *

The last time I met Gaby Pascal, he asked if I would act as one of the monks in his still projected film of Shaw's *St. Joan*. I suggested Stogumber. He demurred at this on the ground that, since I had not acted before in films, it might make Douglas Fairbanks jealous. (I should explain that Pascal was in the habit of making such suggestions to his more lively friends, explaining that they had great personality and so on. I never heard that any of them was actually given a part.) I have many memories of him, particularly his state of mind before the premiere of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, when he confessed that he had offered himself up as a sacrifice to the critics, and a memorable afternoon spent in hot sunshine on a roof in Denham when the whole distinguished cast, including Cæsar and Cleopatra themselves, sat sunbathing until a cloud reached a precise point which made the scene fit with yesterday's shooting. Unhappily, this didn't occur. I remember that the afternoon was enlivened by Vivien Leigh asking me to help her with *The Times* crossword puzzle. I was flattered by the suggestion, but don't remember that we made much progress with the puzzle. Gaby himself walked about stripped to the waist, with a protuberant belly which miraculously sustained a pair of trousers, above which appeared two inches of lavender pants. He was an extraordinary character and great fun. I refuse to enter into any controversy about whether he was a great genius as a producer.

* * *

Which paper do you read?

Victoria Square. Suit Royalist. Uninterrupted view of back side of Buckingham Palace. . .—Advt. in *Sunday Times*, July 4, 1954.

Victoria Square. Suit Royalist. Uninterrupted view of back of Buckingham Palace. . . .—Advt. in *Observer*, same date.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. Joe Lewis, licensee of the Jolly Waterman, has withdrawn his offer to provide vodka for the Russians if they win the Grand Challenge Cup. "My action might be misconstrued," he said yesterday. "I don't want people to think I am a Communist, and anyway my brewery may not like it."—*Manchester Guardian*. (H. A. Meek)

Wallasey, Cheshire, dog owners have been asked to enter for a contest to find the dog most resembling its owner.—*News Chronicle*. (F. Corken.)

A man fined £10 at Wolverhampton yesterday for making false entries in his time-card, clocked in for work on Sunday mornings and then went out for an hour. He told a detective: "I go to church. I have done it for two years to keep up my record of good timekeeping."—*News Chronicle*. (C. H. Green.)

The Royal kiss is a splendid gesture, the clasp of hands, the light kiss on the cheek . . . and then on to the next.—*Evening News*. (Peter Isbester.)

She did not ride to hounds, but followed by car. When she accepted the mastership, she saved the hunt from being disbanded. She said that she would carry it on for the sake of the deer so that they should be fairly treated and not shot.—*Evening Standard*. (David R. Brayshaw.)

SIAMESE TWINS

The patience of Germany sorely is tried!
The E.D.C. Treaty must be ratified!
The Big Two announce they will fight on her side
  Till full sovereign status she wins.
The signed Bonn Convention no longer can wait
While France tries to show in an endless debate
That Convention and Treaty are not separate,
  But joined like two Siamese Twins.

The Big Two declare their immediate goal
To liberate Bonn from all Allied control—
One half of the Germans, if not yet the whole,
  Must forthwith be sovereign and free!
Old enemies now are the closest of friends,
The victor and vanquished relationship ends,
But the partnership deed upon Paris depends
  While Bonn is linked to E.D.C.

Convention and Treaty inseparably spliced
By surgery can be effectually sliced,
Though one or another must be sacrificed—
  For seldom both infants survive.
A swift operation the Big Two require,
Complete separation the Germans desire,
And E.D.C. may unlamented expire
  So long as the Fourth Reich may thrive.

The Second Reich all Europe viewed as a curse,
The Third Reich turned out to be very much worse,
And though the Fourth Reich may be the reverse,
  Grave doubts have been uttered in France.
But all to no purpose the Deputies sit,
Explaining why Siamese Twins can't be split,
And why these twined organs no Power permit
  To elevate Bonn in advance.

For the Big Two and Bonn in most cordial accord,
Proclaim that full sovereignty shall be restored,
Good Germans demand, and deserve their reward
  And the time for postponement is gone.
The surgical carve-up at once will proceed,
Convention and Treaty be severed with speed,
And to the Third Reich the Fourth will succeed—
  With Democracy's Führer at Bonn.

SAGITTARIUS

Common Sense and Censorship

A WEEK of anathema to mark the bicentenary of Dr. Bowdler's birth "took off," so to speak, at the Old Bailey last Friday. A jury of nine men and three women decided that Stanley Kaufmann's novel *The Philanderer* was not, in terms of the current legal "test of obscenity" (from *R. v. Hicklin*, 1868) a publication with "a tendency . . . to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." Accordingly, said the jury, Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd., the publishers, Camelot Press, Ltd., the printers, and Mr. Fredric Warburg were not guilty of publishing an obscene libel.

It was in many ways an odd trial—the climax, it may now be hoped, to what Mr. Roger Wynn, Counsel for Mr. Warburg, described as "this current witch-hunt." It has more than vindicated the defendants' sturdy (and no doubt expensive) decision to fight the case out with a jury, rather than play for a small fine by pleading guilty before the Magistrate. For three reasons, the vindication has the epic quality of some of the defiant, constitution-building verdicts famous in history.

First, the prosecution had the advantage of a widespread public feeling that the Home Office are conducting a righteous purge against "filthy" books, an atmosphere of self-propagating suspi-

cion in which a summons taken out by the Director of Public Prosecutions is like a shower of mud. Secondly, the conduct of the prosecution by the Treasury Counsel; Mr. Griffith-Jones pulled no punches:

> If that hasn't got a tendency to deprave and corrupt people whose minds are open to such immoral influences, what on earth has? . . . . Members of the jury, if you searched every beastly little back-street bookshop in the world you wouldn't find more typical pornography. . . . It will be a sorry day if you should find that this book and others of similar type are fit to be published at large. . . .

The jury could do a great work that day, Counsel told them, by condemning the book as obscene. If they didn't, other books like it would follow—"are books of this kind to be published as and when any publisher desires to do so?" And he dropped *The Philanderer* on to his desk with a bang.

Thirdly, this highly competent novel of New York life contains a sprinkling of words (some of the milder of our old four-lettered friends) which, in England at all events, are seen more often on walls than in books, and which might possibly have induced a juror to forget that he was not concerned with taste or swearwords but with the corruptibility of a sophisticated twelve-and-six-penny readership.

There was, moreover, a dexterous use, on both sides, of the curiously contradictory case-law on "obscene libel" that has lately been piling up. The defence could not, for example, call evidence inviting the jury to compare *The Philanderer* with other books (the immunity of Joyce's *Ulysses* might be enough by itself to get any lesser book acquitted), because the Court of Criminal Appeal has said that such a process of comparison would be "never-ending." But somehow or other it always becomes necessary (and it did again this time) to tell the jury that they must dismiss from their minds the fact that much franker books are on sale everywhere—sanctified, perhaps, by a few years' lucky immunity? Again, the prosecution must not supply the jury with the page-numbers of the purple passages, because the book is to be considered "as a whole"; but having attempted to do so in this case and failed, the prosecution got the page numbers in at the end of the trial, because by that time the reading "as a whole" had been done.

The defence are not allowed to call literary men, reviewers, and lawyers to say or imply that the book is a good one, but Mr. Roger Wynn implied in his speech what the literary men, reviewers, and lawyers *would* have said if they *had* been called. When the prosecution put in letters showing that other publishers had rejected *The Philanderer*, that Secker and Warburg had felt it necessary to tone down the English edition a little, and that one publisher's reader had been "shocked" by it—all this was not inadmissible "opinion," which you might imagine it to be; instead, it was evidence of the publisher's guilty intention.

Finally, Mr. Justice Stable, in the course of a summing-up that deserves to become a classic, said that the prosecution had "shown some confusion of thought" in warning the jury that its verdict might decide future literary standards—and then said himself:

> Your verdict will be of great importance in relation to the future of the novel in the civilised world, and to the future generations who can only derive their knowledge of how we live, think, and act from the contemporary literature of the age in which they are interested. . . It will have great bearing on where the line is drawn between liberty and licence.

In short, the English Common Law on obscenity, bedevilled as it has been for nearly a century by an *obiter dictum* of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in 1868 (and what the text-book writers have made of it), has at last shown itself to be too absurd for logical administration by intelligent and sober people. As it stands now, the jury's decision in the *Philanderer* case may well give it a new meaning. "Those whose minds are open to immoral influences" may still mean the fourteen-year-old schoolgirls, but to "deprave and corrupt" them may now mean to acquaint them with something other than "normal sex"; for an English Judge, taking the same stand as modern American Judges, has at last declared that it is not dirty for men and women to go to bed together, or even to record in print the fact that they do. He has also told a jury that adolescents find out about these practices without access to twelve-and-sixpenny books, or indeed to any books at all. And the jury, by adopting his view (which he warned them repeatedly to reject if it failed to commend itself to them) has shown the Home Office and the Director of Public Prosecutions that they are out of step with public opinion. Thus does the Common Law develop.

What now? It has always been obvious that the sex instinct in the young and impressionable (which may include the not-so-young) can be distorted or inflamed by the printed word, and that there is money in it. Most people give their assent to some kind of control here, though there are many who see greater danger in the cheap "comic" advocacy of violence and cruelty as the modern answer to effete intellectualism—and the word "obscene" is not restricted, etymologically, to what is lewd or offensive to chastity. There will be no fresh tears for publishers exploiting "dirt for dirt's sake" and getting into trouble for it. But the case of *The Philanderer* has altered the position of the publisher hesitating with a first-class manuscript in his hands because it has sex in it. The easy way out, the time-saving plea of guilty in the Magistrate's Court on the off-chance of a small fine, has lost much of its attraction; trial by jury, formerly a risky and expensive gamble, now has the virtue that Mr. Justice Stable's direction to the jury in the *Philanderer* case can be called in aid by the defence on almost any indictment typical of those in recent months. True, its authority falls considerably short of a decision in the Court of Criminal Appeal, but a direction by the visiting Queen's Bench Judge at the Old Bailey, resulting in an acquittal, is nevertheless traditionally weighty. It will be surprising if any reputable publisher, charged henceforth in respect of any serious and well-written novel with the Common Law offence of publishing an obscene libel, accepts the jurisdiction of a stipendiary Magistrate or even of a Bench of Justices.

When Mr. L. F. Sturge, the Clerkenwell Magistrate, decided last May that the Werner Laurie novel *Julia* was obscene, he was doing so in respect of one co-defendant out of four. The other three, by pleading guilty, had told him in effect that they thought it was obscene anyway, and had put their faith in the kind of apologetic *sauve qui peut* that is called "mitigation." I have lately read *Julia* and *The Philanderer* with the *Hicklin* "test of obscenity" uppermost in my mind; and while I think *The Philanderer* rather more "risky" than *Julia*, I should have thought the prosecution of either was a serious error of judgment, suggesting an official poverty of literary imagination that is rather frightening to contemplate. In other words, it's a matter of opinion; and sensible opinion, for too long confined to the correspondence columns of sober newspapers, has at last got up in the jury box and hit out.

C. H. ROLPH

Justice Beyond the Atlas

THE little town to which I was bound lay in the area of French Morocco known as "Zone of Insecurity"—the part of Morocco last to be conquered and not yet open to *colons*. On the previous day, in the company, as it happened, of an elderly conjurer from Leeds called Mr. Jones, I had climbed in a bus from Fez into uplands of cedars until suddenly, in the distance, we saw the gaunt glory of the High Atlas, moon-mad mountains topped with snow. As we approached them, a hidden hand switched on a sunset: the sky wept saffron, lavender and rose petals; the mountains glowed with violet and amethyst. Then it was switched off; and presently we were in Ksar-es-Souk, our resting place for the night, impressive but not beautiful, its cumbrous, galleried barrack-buildings the colour of stale blood, with the false allure of a cheap film set.

Now, as the bus stormed the last few miles of road to our destination, there was a sudden halt: a large hole was being dug in the road by three men from the South with very black faces. The French driver jumped out of the bus and swore. A tall Moroccan, in charge of the gang, shrugged his shoulders: they had been told to dig the hole and that was all there was to it. "Who gave this order?" cried the furious driver. "The tall man says it was the Captain," said the ticket collector. Finally the hole was filled in, and we wound round the oasis into the rose-red little town. When the bus stopped, I could hear the cackle of frogs and the watery flute of a bird.

Next afternoon, I met the Captain, who was in fact the District Officer; he was having his Sunday aperitif with the Lieutenant and his wife, the school-teacher and his wife and a visiting Colonel. "Come and stay at my house," he said. "But I have a conjurer with me," I demurred. "Splendid!" said the Captain; "he must put on a show for the school children." So we were installed in the District Officer's house, whose verandah gave on the oasis. "Such a tranquil place," said the Captain's wife; "I always laugh when friends from Casa or Fez come and visit us. They will persist in locking their doors, and some of them even go about with revolvers. So silly." The Captain intervened. "Few people really understand the situation here. All the tribes are warlike, but there is no political situation. They live by *lacaida*, the 'custom.' I don't say it's good custom or bad custom, but my job is to teach them better agricultural methods and help settle their disputes. If you're interested, come and watch me at work." At that moment we heard shrill screams in the distance. I looked at my hostess, who smiled. "It's the children," she said; "they've heard about the conjurer."

In the morning, the Captain drove me to "his" valley. "When I first arrived here," he said, "I was struck by the possibilities of this barren valley. Some of the tribes had always believed that it had underground springs; but the authorities would not let me embark on expensive equipment until I had proved the theory with results. So I installed a small pump—and now, look!" Twenty acres of experimental farm flourished, like a garden in the desert, with crops of potatoes, barley, henna and ground-nuts. Orange trees were thriving—the whole farm being protected by a wind- break of pampas grass.

But justice, as well as farming, concerns a District Officer. I was invited by the Captain to attend his Tribunal. "I have asked for the

D 134

No car ever gave such peace of mind *as the confident Daimler* CONQUEST

OUT ON THE busy trunk roads, or crawling in dense town traffic, it is the driver of a Daimler Conquest who has the best of it—for sheer enjoyment, peace of mind and safety. Why? Here are some of the reasons . . .

Preselector fluid transmission. For the simplest of gear-changing coupled with the most subtle control of movement, with positively no effort, either mental or physical, Daimler preselector fluid transmission is incomparable. You engage the gear you need *the very second you need it* by simply depressing the gear pedal. It is so much simpler than the ordinary gear system, is less tiring and leaves your mind perfectly free.

Automatic Chassis Lubrication. Here is constant efficiency for all suspension and steering parts—and all provided without thought or worry on your part. The lubricant is pressure-fed to the parts every time the engine warms up. Result—supreme confidence under all road conditions and in any emergency.

Laminated torsion bar suspension. Tricky bends and hump-back bridges are taken with calm assurance in the Conquest. *Laminated* torsion bars in the independent front suspension efficiently cancel out all tendency to roll and pitch.

Wide vision. Sit at the wheel of a Conquest and see how your position dominates the view from every angle. The curved windscreen, slender pillars and wide rear window combine to achieve the perfect visibility essential to safe and confident driving.

Brakes. The hydro-mechanical brakes have 11″ drums and a very generous frictional area, producing maximum retardation with light pedal pressure. Braking distance at 30 mph is 31 feet.

No matter which Conquest you choose, the Saloon, the 'Century', the Coupé or the Roadster, the confidence it will give you will be a perfect match for its great performance, its comfort and its dignity.

Conquest Saloon	£1066 plus £445.5.10 purchase tax.
'Conquest Century'	£1172 plus £489.9.2 purchase tax.
Conquest Coupé	£1225 plus £511.10.10 purchase tax.
Conquest Roadster	£1180 plus £492.15.10 purchase tax.

For full details of any of these great cars and the address of your nearest dealer write to Bureau 59, The Daimler Company Limited, Radford Works, Coventry.

'OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE'

BY APPOINTMENT The Daimler Co. Limited, Motor Car Manufacturers to the late King George VI

interpreter," he said, "so that you can follow it all. There's an interesting fellow coming—a mountain chief who was fighting us in the 'thirties. He's still chief now." The Captain's *shouash* (sergeant-major) arrived with the chieftain and two elders of the community. "This is really his Tribunal," said the Captain; "I'm just helping."

The first case concerned four young men who had abandoned "duty work." They laughed, even when the chieftain sentenced the leader to a month's prison. (Only the *shouash* looked bored and yawned: he was a mighty man who held the names of all the men of all the tribes in the palm of his brown hand.) The next case was interminable. Two men squatted on the floor and related how the first man's wife had struck the second man's wife because the mother-in-law of the first man had seen the mother-in-law of the second man steal wood from the store of the first man's wife. The mothers-in-law were brought in, and expostulated volubly, pointing skinny fingers right up to the Captain's nose. The *shouash* looked still more bored and rolled his eyes upwards. The Captain gave me a despairing grin. "Mothers-in-law are the plague of the tribes," he said; "they litigate with me for hours." In the end, the second man was awarded 2,000 francs as damages, and the mothers-in-law were bundled out: this Tribunal was over. "Just a moment," cried the Captain to the chieftain. "Here are the eggs for the sitting hens." He turned to me to explain. "We are trying to improve the stock." Justice here has a consciousness of the grass-roots.

At another Tribunal, which I attended later, the main case was that of a man and wife in Jewish dress who pleaded for their right to buy land held by a Mussulman. This Mussulman had pleaded that the land had already been sold to an Israelite abroad. The plaintiffs handed the Captain a deed of sale. "God help us!" cried the Captain. "It's in Hebrew. Why did I ever take on this job?" He went on to explain to me the oddity of the Jewish situation in the town. There were only about two hundred Jews in the Jewish quarter; they never mixed with the Arabs or Berbers; they held the purse strings of the community; but, whereas the Arabs came to the Tribunal on the slightest provocation, the Jews tended to keep their troubles to themselves and rarely invoked the aid of the District Officer. The most peculiar thing, however, was that these people were not really Semitic at all: they were Berbers who had been forcibly converted hundreds of years ago.

After that case, whose settlement I failed to grasp, the Tribunal had to deal with a pretty Berber wife (she would be about fifteen), a smiling insouciant husband who carried himself like a corsair, and a particularly repulsive mother-in-law. The gay husband was charged with beating his wife and pushing his mother-in-law topsy-turvy over a sack of potatoes. The *shouash* struck his forehead in disgust, glared at the ground, and angrily stamped over to the far side of the room. Finally, since nobody else was interested, both the women showed me their bruises. "Do you wish to divorce?" the Captain asked the husband. He shook his head disdainfully. A brief homily from the Captain followed, after which the husband marched over to the Captain's desk, grinned with superb assurance, and held out his hand. It might have been the end of a pleasant social party. The Captain tried to glare, failed, and shook the offered hand. "You're a bloody scoundrel," he observed mildly.

As there appeared to be no more cases, we strolled down to the spring meadow which formed the yard of the school for girls. The classes were mixed Berber and French, and many of the French children were speaking Berber to each other. Fluttering like butterflies, they formed a circle round the conjuring activities of my friend Mr. Jones.

ANTHONY CARSON

Person X

ONLY the Ealing Studios (with Alec Guinness as "Person X") could do justice to the final exposure, at a meeting of the Geological Society last week, of the great Piltdown Fraud—an exposure completed by the combined efforts of a score of scientific experts drawn from an imposing array of institutions, which ranged from the British Museum to the Oxford Department of Anatomy, from the Government Soil Survey to the National Gallery. Invoking all the resources of contemporary science, from electron-microscopy to fluorine tests and Geiger-counters, they "reconstructed the crime" with a thoroughness unsurpassed by Scotland Yard. The result was proof of the perpetration of a hoax even more elaborate than had already been suspected.

It had been announced, last November, that the jaw-bone of the famous Piltdown skull was that of an orang-outang. It was now shown to the Society how such a jaw could be machined and treated until it was unmistakably identical with the artefact of Person X. It was demonstrated how a modern eye-tooth could be filed to expose the cavity, and how grains of Piltdown sand could be inserted and sealed—as Person X had done. For any doubts that the canine tooth was "forged" were removed by the evidence from National Gallery experts that the "iron-accretion" on it was oil paint—"probably Vandyke brown." As for the cranial bone—or, rather, bones, since there were two parts of skulls found in different sites—the decisive clue was gypsum, detected in both. Tests by the Soil Survey showed that the soil and groundwater at Piltdown is such that, no matter how long bone had lain there, it could not have acquired gypsum. Chemists, however, trying to reproduce the hoaxer's methods, took recent skulls and boiled them in iron sulphate in order to get pseudo-fossil staining to match the Piltdown gravel. They found that the chemical reaction produced gypsum in the bone, and in similar proportions to those in the Piltdown skull (one cranial bone had been stewed longer than the other, to give colour matching the different sites). And Person X had the genuine Philip Harben touch: when his cranium casserole was not "cooking" fast enough, he added a touch of chromium to hasten oxidisation.

If he had stopped there, he would have earned his niche in the Pantheon of hoaxers. But it is now revealed that he not only created Dawn Man; he faked a world for him to live in. He had his Man hunting animals that never existed in Sussex, with implements which were fossil-Brummagen. In this home-made pre-history there were mammoths, hippos and rhinos, together with bone and flint implements, "fossilised" and even glued to the gravel for verisimilitude. All were planted, all were forged. In one instance, Person X was guilty of a hitherto undetected slip. He "salted" the pit with an implement of elephant fossil-bone, which, as X-rays have shown, was whittled with a steel knife. Alas! Even if the Man had had a steel knife, he could not have whittled contemporary bone in that way—only fossil bone, which he could not have possessed, unless, doing a Dunne experiment with time, he had lived in two different æons.

As for the animal bones, an elaborate test has shown that, more than likely, the hippo remains came from a cave in Malta; and the rhino certainly lived far from Sussex. In the examination of the mammoth bones atomic research was called in. Explorers for uranium have found that bones in geological deposits absorb uranium in amounts which can be measured by Geiger-counters. Checking results from many parts of the world, the experts of the Geological Survey noted that the only mammoth bones which gave a corresponding "count" to Piltdown were those of Ichkeul in Tunisia. Since the "strike" of the main site of Ichkeul came after Piltdown, Person X could not have got his bones from that precise discovery; but fossil-anatomists are now fairly satisfied that the specimens must have come from that region.

Who was this Person X? Who thus hoaxed the scientific world and embarrassed evolutionists by creating an anthropological freak which, even when it was accepted as genuine, never fitted into the pedigree picture of Man or Ape? He was evidently not only a trained anthropologist but an anatomist, skilled in bones of men and animals, a dentist who could forge teeth, a chemist who could counterfeit in the laboratory the processes of æons of time. Was he Mr. Charles Dawson, country solicitor, Clerk to the Uckfield Magistrates, who found all the remains at Piltdown between 1908 and his death in 1916? Only one person breathed the name "Dawson" at last week's Geological Society meeting. Mr. Alvin T. Marston, the discoverer of the genuine 600,000-year-old Swanscombe skull, said: "Charles Dawson could not have done it." Maybe he did not. There is circumstantial evidence against him: they were his finds; he was the one person who had regular access to the pit; and he was a brilliant paleontologist. Was he also a skilled anatomist, dentist and chemist? Did he ever visit Tunisia or Malta, or had he agents abroad who contributed to his "collection"? Hearing one expert after another say, "We do not know who did it," I have made inquiries, as a result of which I am not so sure of Mr. Dawson's "guilt." There is another suspect: Person X may have been an even less conspicuous figure than the Clerk to the Uckfield bench.

If that be so, what a character the hoaxer was—secretly "salting" the gravel pit, enjoying his private joke without even sharing the fame of the Piltdown discoverer, and exercising phenomenal restraint in never completing it by "blowing the gaff" and witnessing the discomfiture of his eminent dupes! The Geological Society last week applauded the distinguished scientists who deployed the whole range of modern technique to expose the hoax. The hoaxer, I feel, deserved equally their applause.

RITCHIE CALDER

NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

Is this Socialism?

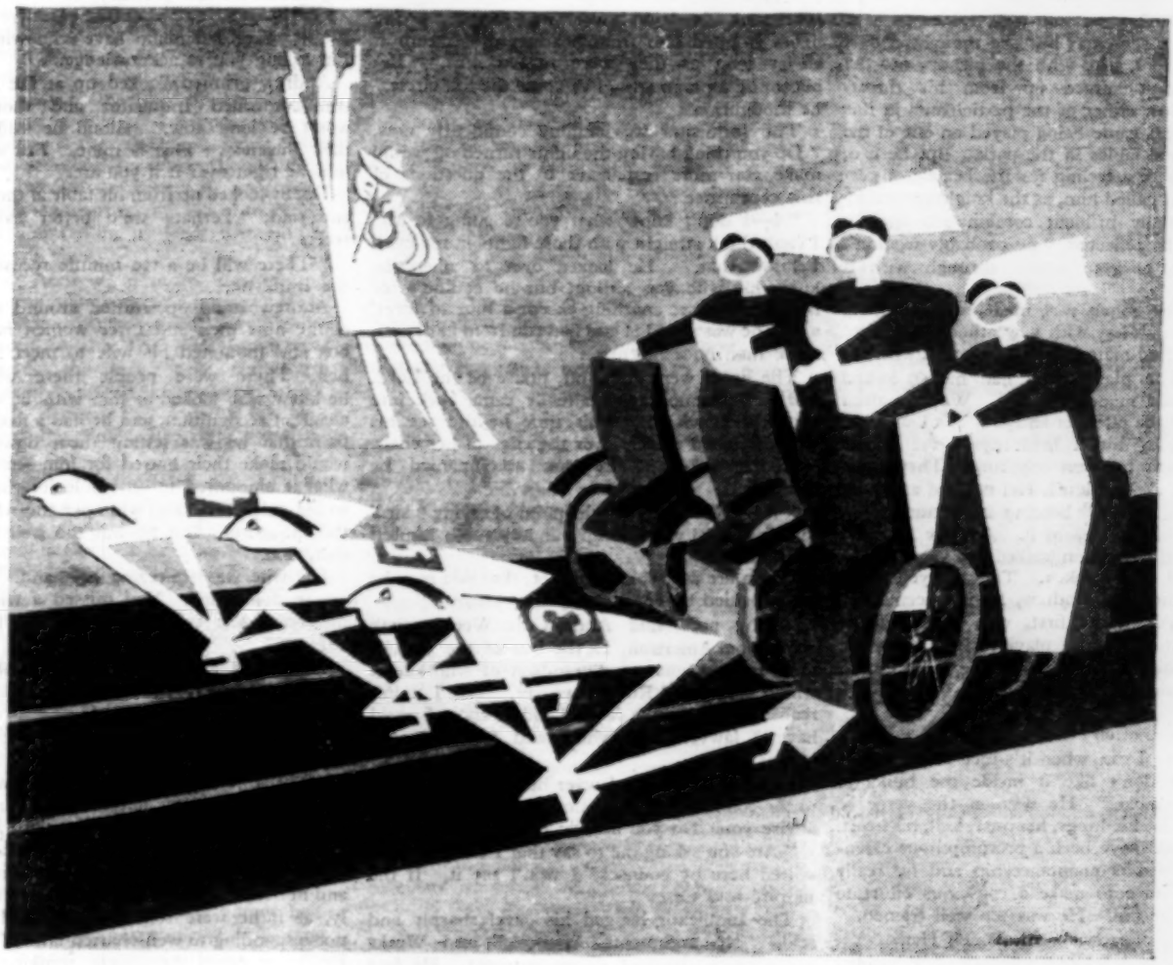
by G. D. H. COLE

Fundamental questions for all British Socialists today.

'Hair-raising' (M. GUARDIAN)

from all bookstalls 1/-, *or* 1/2 *post paid from the Publisher*

N. S. & N., Great Turnstile, W.C.1



The Schweppshire Way of Life

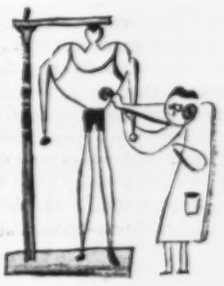
5. CARE OF THE ATHLETE AND INFIRM

If there is one thing more true than another of Schweppshire, it is that it is more so. Sport is an example, as it is most more so of all. It seems strange, in the fixed silence of the Schweppshire Stadium, to remember that in primitive paleaoschweppic times, hands were clapped and winners of races showed pleasure.

Intensive training has removed all irrelevancies. By the fifth generation, high-jumpers have acquired grasshopper thighs, tug-of-war specialists have grown backs with cantilever ribs and Forth Bridge vertebrae. The nineteenth generation of track experts have evolved nails in the soles of their feet: the "greyhound profile" is clearly demonstrated in the illustration. Twin hearts provide the increase up with which the bloodstream is souped, and there is a small group of specialist quarter milers the pulses on whose wrists are already changing, by classical evolutionary stages, into proto-stop-watches.

These advances have not been won without cost. Pentathlon competitors stand small chance of success unless they have developed pentathlete's heart, which means that when these athlons are not doing pent things at once, they cannot do anything at all.

However, bath chairs are provided to bring to the starting point sprinters who have lost the power of walking. The rest of their time athletes are kept in the darkness of minute cubicles. The light goes on every three hours when their meal of meal is brought to them on the conveyor belt. The notion that this life is unhappy must be wrong. It is easy to prove, by demonstrating that they have never known anything else, that nothing could be jollier.



Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Slick Fiction for an Age of Longing

ANDREW J. WEEKS was too well trained to have it emerge as a sentence, but the thought, "The bishop, you fool, take with the bishop, not the knight," almost surged up from his throat. He didn't know either of the participants in this particular chess game being played on one of the city-built stone tables in the park. But he had, had always had, a feeling for the beauty of perfection, and it galled him, as the knight moved, to see a potentially brilliant combination spoiled. "Oh well," he reflected, "he probably wouldn't have known how to follow through with it anyhow."

Directly the move was made, a sad-looking man in a slouch hat with a weather-beaten face said: "You had mate in five if you took with the bishop." The player who had moved looked up angrily but made no reply. Weeks walked to the side of the intruder and said in a low voice: "I saw it too, but I held myself in. These kids, you can't tell 'em anything. They think they know it all." Slouch Hat nodded and said, "Care for a game?" holding up a transparent plastic bag with pieces in it. Andrew returned the nod and the two men walked to a vacant table. Not a word was spoken. They played three excellent games and Andrew, having been lucky enough to get White first, won that and the third. In the second, playing Black, he fell before the Adam Variation of the Ruy Lopez.

Andrew said: "I've enjoyed it. I have to go now."

"Come here often?"

"Whenever I can, when it's nice so I can play outdoors. I don't like it inside the building. Too much smoke." He was on the verge of going on about his lungs, his nose, hell, his heart. But this would have been a presumptuous extension of a chess acquaintanceship and he really didn't even have to make a conscious effort to stop where he did. He was too well trained.

"Maybe tomorrow," said Slouch Hat.

"Maybe," said Andrew. He rose and nodded at his late adversary and walked slowly, very slowly, down from Chess Hill and across part of the city to his rooming house. His wife was waiting for him.

"It came," she said.

"Did you say what I told you?"

"Yes. They'll be back"—she glanced at her wristwatch—"in half an hour."

"How many of them were there?"

"Two."

He smiled for the first time that day. "Two young husks of men to deliver a subpoena to a tired old man."

"You're not old. Sixty-two isn't old."

It isn't old, he was thinking, except when you're snubbed by people who used to sing that you were their leader and that they wouldn't be moved, except when you can't work for your Government, and except when your name is a household word in the households of your enemies so there's no place you *can* work. Then it is.

"No, my dear, it isn't old." He sat down heavily on the only half-way-decent chair in the room . . .

He blinked a little as he raised his hand and repeated after the Inquisitor the words, now so debased, about the truth and the whole truth. The camera lights were in his eyes, and the sounds coming from the cold mouth of the ferret-faced committee counsel were a babble. He cut the gadfly short. "Those lights, can we turn them off? I can't hear," said Andrew, and he didn't give much of a damn how silly he sounded saying lights stopped him from hearing, didn't care at all as long as they were turned off. "I'm becoming a pragmatist, I've come the full circle," he thought.

The Inquisitor was smiling confidently now. "Do you think having the lights turned off would make you more responsive to the questions of this committee?"

"I—I don't know what you're going to ask. I can't think straight with those lights in my eyes, I know that." He looked over to where he knew his wife was sitting, but he couldn't see her, couldn't see anything except a blur of faces, a blur he was afraid of and had run from in dreams more than once recently.

The lights were going off, praise be the Lord, and his surroundings gradually came back into his field of vision. This time he did see his wife, hunched tensely over the edge of her chair.

Gadfly asked: "Are you accompanied by counsel?"

"No." He'd been on the point of saying "sir" to this absurd young snip but he caught himself in time.

"You are aware, are you not, that you may be accompanied by counsel if you so choose?"

"Why no," said Andrew J. Weeks, sixth generation American, to the son of the department store magnate and grandson of who knows which persecuted Russian weaver. "No, I didn't realise that to be the case. I didn't know I could have a lawyer here who could function as a lawyer."

"You can't have a lawyer here who can speak to the committee, but you can have one who may advise you. Do you acknowledge that?"

"Are you asking me to say that I can be represented here by counsel? I won't say it. If the umpire told Casey . . ."

The Inquisitor banged his gavel sharply and said, "No arguments, Witness," and Weeks felt a quick pang of disappointment. He had intended saying, "If the umpire told Casey Stengel he could put Johnny Mize in as a pinch hitter as long as he didn't use a bat, would you say that Mr. Stengel was being treated fairly?" Now he couldn't say it.

Gadfly asked, "Do you acknowledge that you know you can have a lawyer here to advise you?"

"Only if it's made clear that the lawyer would not be permitted to speak to the committee on my behalf."

"Mr. Weeks, this is a committee authorised and set up by your Congress. We can't proceed because your answers will have no validity unless it's established that you have voluntarily surrendered your right to counsel." The Inquisitor stirred uneasily in a gesture that was not lost on Andrew.

"The things I never knew till now. The advantages of a legal education. As far as my answers not having any validity is concerned, let me assure you that it's no great loss to the committee."

"I take that to mean you do not intend to co-operate?"

"An altogether brilliant deduction."

The gavel again, and the Inquisitor saying, "Mr. Weeks, you'd better be more respectful if you don't want to be cited for contempt."

Andrew inclined his head ever so slightly but made no reply. He sensed the Inquisitor growing impatient with Gadfly, his own bright boy, and he felt that if he could provoke an intensification of this feeling he could emerge unscathed, uncited and unrevealing. "Divide and Rule. There is much to be learned from the British imperialists in this period."

Gadfly spoke again, almost plaintively. "Mr. Weeks, other defendants have acknowledged what I'm asking you to acknowledge."

Andrew grinned, looked up at the raging but still controlled Inquisitor and thought, "It won't be long now." Aloud he said, "That's their business. This is mine. I'm still willing to slide right over it if you are."

Gadfly looked up from his table at the Inquisitor and said, "Perhaps we'd better have a short recess."

"There will be a ten-minute recess," intoned the Inquisitor.

Andrew stood up, turned around and smiled at the nine men and three women in the press box and motioned his wife to meet him in the hall. There were people there whose faces he knew who looked at him without so much as a sign of recognition, and he had a fleeting mind-flash that he was letting them down, that he would make their hatred for him—and that was what it amounted to—a whole lot simpler if he would only grovel and whimper and whine before the Inquisitor. But he was too well trained for that, too.

His wife was squeezing his hand. "Darling, you're doing fine. You missed a trick though, just one. But you can pick it up, it isn't too late yet."

He looked at her and saw that she actually seemed younger, more vibrant. "What was that?"

"That little bastard asking the questions referred to the previous witnesses as 'defendants.' But this is no court of law and they weren't defendants and neither are you. I think you should go to the mat with him on it."

"Good girl. I will." He looked at the spectators, now chatting excitably in little groups, and noticed several people staring at him curiously, as if he were some strange kind of animal not responding to well-charted laws of behaviour. He knew what they were thinking. He had been expelled from the Party on the grounds of "factionalism." They expected him to knuckle under, perhaps even co-operate eagerly with a committee such as this. And he didn't seem to be doing it; hence the looks. . . .

"Mr. Weeks," Gadfly resumed; "your point concerning legal representation is well taken. Now I wonder if I can proceed, with you fully aware that you cannot be prosecuted in any way for what you may say."

"O.K. with me. Incidentally, my wife, who never went to law school, tells me that this isn't a court of law and that you made a mistake before in referring to witnesses before this committee as 'defendants.' Right or wrong for sixty-four dollars?" He looked over at his wife, and saw that she was beaming with a sense of vicarious participation.

"All right Mr. Weeks. And now we'll get down to cases." Gadfly cleared his throat. "Confidential testimony before the committee indicates that, during the period of your leadership, the Party collected large sums of money from a group known as Bus Seven, Bus being an abbreviated sort of code name for 'Business'. We're anxious to know more about this group, who they were, how much they gave and so on. Will you help us?"

"I most assuredly won't."

The Inquisitor spoke up. "You are directed to respond to the questions of counsel or else give your constitutional reasons for refusing to do so."

This was getting easy. "I'm testifying purely informally and as a courtesy. I've already been promised immunity by your own counsel. Why don't you listen, or wait and read the record sometime when you're not too busy getting stock-market tips and money from corporations?"

The Inquisitor was mad now, really mad. "If you care to take advantage of technicalities to avoid your patriotic duty I suppose you can get away with it. For the time being. I'm going to give you one more chance before I dismiss you. Do you want to make up for the years you spent subverting the Government by coming clean and telling us what we want to know? Or don't you?"

Luxuriously, Andrew balanced the vicious, ambitious monster confronting him against the guilt-ridden textile executive in Bus Seven whose father had been in the 1905 Revolution, the toy manufacturer who didn't care, really, but whose wife was dedicated, and several others. Monster didn't depress the scale a bit, and Andrew said: "I'm doing the right thing in keeping silent."

"In that case you're dismissed, for the time being. And I'll have something to say to the State Department about any application for a passport you may make. Or have made. That's all." As Andrew arose from his seat he noticed the relief in Gadfly's face.

Back in their room, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Weeks read through the evening papers. Two of them featured the same very bad, old picture of him, mouth open, a look of anger clouding his plain features. And the others carried the story, and they all played it the same way. "Former Red Leader Silent," "Refuses to Help Government," and so on. He was too well trained to be surprised.

The next day was bright and warm, and Andrew walked over to Chess Hill. Slouch Hat was intent on a game between a man and a woman player, both very strong, whom Andrew had seen before. He touched him and said, "Care to play again?"

"You're Weeks, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Slouch Hat spat on the stone floor. "That's what I think of traitors," he said, not bothering to keep his voice down. "I don't play chess with traitors."

Several people looked at them wonderingly as Andrew said gently, "Come with me just a few steps. Please," he added, as Slouch Hat appeared to be wavering. They walked a few paces and Andrew pointed to the benches at the foot of the steps to the hill and said, "Come down there with me for a few moments and talk. Look at me. Am I a traitor? Let me talk with you for just a few minutes. Then, if you like, I'll go away and leave you alone."

Oh God, where can I begin, how can I begin to overcome what he's been seeing and reading and listening to and thinking? And the answer came to the man who was well trained, the answer that said, "Life experience will counteract the lies to which the people are exposed," and suddenly he knew that he had actually come to believe the word of the enemy, the Inquisitor. He was thinking of himself as the traitor he'd been damned as, instead of as the boy, now fully grown, who'd run away from a comfortable home in Constantine, Michigan, in 1908 to go to sea. And what of the intervening years? Could he say now, sitting on a bench in the friendly park, that he'd been wrong, evil, when Chiang Kai-shek put a price on his head twenty-five years ago, wrong when he'd opposed America's entry into the first World War, wrong when he'd given life-shortening amounts of energy to the cause of the Spanish Republic in an effort to prevent the second?

It wasn't as difficult as he'd feared. After a few minutes of talk that at times was at almost the chit-chat level, Slouch Hat looked at him embarrassedly and said, "Holy hell, I don't know anything about all this stuff. You know. A guy gets all excited these days. The papers." And he moved his hand in an arc, as if to encompass and condemn the entire system of communication that had influenced his denunciation of Andrew.

"Hell with it," said Andrew, "let's forget it and play chess."

The two Americans walked back up the steps to Chess Hill and set up the pieces. At least here, though the movement of men was complicated and challenging, there were answers.

ROBERT D. KEMPNER

The Arts and Entertainment

THE RING RESTAGED

WHEN people dismiss the story of *The Ring* as a tedious old rigmarole, made palatable (or not, according to taste) by Wagner's music, I always feel a mild surprise. Long before hearing the name of Wagner, I had been enthralled by the picturesque and complicated tale of the Nibelung's ring, as "told to the children" in some long-forgotten story book, which contained pictures of Scandinavian-looking heroes and heroines with manes of blond hair streaming beyond the stars, though by a fortunate chance it followed the Wagnerian version of the myth. That myth seems to me one of the world's great stories: inferior to the famous Greek legends in pure beauty and in variety of human character, but superior to them in its mysterious vision of a pre-human past, of boundless primeval forests and eternal wastes. The plot has a fine cumulative power, but better still is the vast natural theatre upon which the action is played out: the depths of the Rhine, the murmuring heart of the forest, the mountain top surrounded with a sea of fire, the rainbow bridge upon which the gods approach Valhalla while the song of the Rhinemaidens floats up to them from far below. I suspect that Wagner himself was stimulated quite as much by the scenic fascination of the old myth as by the passions of its gods and heroes.

Taste changes, and today, for every one artist who longs to design sets for *The Ring*, there are probably a dozen who would prefer almost any other assignment—say *Armide* or *Così fan tutte* or *Les Troyens*. The contemporary artist favours the classical, the architectural, the Mediterranean; confronted by mountain tops and river depths, Nordic giants and Valkyries, he pulls down the carriage blinds like Horace Walpole crossing the Alps. Leslie Hurry has come in for some fashionable sympathy at having been commissioned by Covent Garden to design a new *Ring*: "Poor fellow: whatever he does, *The Ring* is bound to be more or less hideous." At the new Bayreuth they solve the scenic problem, so far as I can make out from the accounts of returning travellers, largely by the simple process of ignoring it—that is to say, by allowing a dramatically varied chiaroscuro (especially "oscuro") to play over an almost featureless platform and a vast sky. I suspect that the initial impressiveness of this method may dwindle with frequent repetition. In any case, it is no more a permanent scenic solution than any other. Each generation will restage *The Ring* in accordance with its own taste, and this tends to swing like a pendulum between concrete and abstract, representational and suggestive.

A Hugo Wolf Lieder Recital

Hans Hotter

and

Gerald Moore

Wohl denk' ich oft;
Alles endet, was entstehet;
Fühlt meine Seele—*Michelangelo*;
Lasset Gelehrte ("Cophtisches", No. 1);
Geh! geborche ("Cophtisches", No. 2);
Grenzen der Menschheit; Prometheus;
Wer sich der Einsamkeit ("Harfenspieler", No. 1);
An die Türen ("Harfenspieler", No. 2);
Wer nie sein Brot
("Harfenspieler", No. 3)—*Goethe*;
Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen (from "Italienisches Liederbuch", Vol. 1)—*Heyse*

33CX1162

COLUMBIA

33⅓ R.P.M. LONG PLAYING RECORDS

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO. LTD., RECORD DIVISION, 8-11 GREAT CASTLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Free as a Bird

You're air-conditioned in AERTEX all year round

You're cool in the heat, warm in the cold in Aertex. The millions of tiny air-cells in the weave let your body breathe on hot days, yet they insulate you from winter cold. Enjoy all-year comfort in Aertex pyjamas, blouses, underwear for women and girls; shirts, underwear, pyjamas for men and boys; and there's corsetry and babies' wear too!

AERTEX

Reg'd.

Write for free illustrated catalogue to Ad. Manager (63) Aertex, 1 Long Lane, London, S.E.1 Tel: Hop 2855

Genuine Aertex bears this label

"HI-FI"

means "High Fidelity," or to put it another way, the difference between ordinary record playing and flawless reproduction. Real music lovers demand absolute perfection from their record reproducing apparatus—and a great many of them turn to Classic, where they can be quite sure of getting it. Here at Classic we are jealous of our reputation for having the widest range of the most reliable high fidelity reproduction equipment obtainable. Details will be gladly sent on request.

CLASSIC ELECTRICAL CO., LTD.

382-384, LOWER ADDISCOMBE RD., CROYDON, SURREY, ENG.

Mr. Hurry's approach has been unkindly described as "Arthur Rackham modified by post-war Bayreuth," but the phrase is not really so damaging. It would be strange if the current Bayreuth simplifications had left no mark on a young artist freshly approaching *The Ring*; and it would be unfortunate if the "Rackhamesque" or picturesque point of view were to be entirely abandoned, since a romantic feeling for caves and clefts and forests is an essential part of the Wagnerian magic. The forest scene in *Siegfried* could, in fact, afford to be a good deal more romantic than what we now see—an unmysterious and rather civilised sort of clearing on a gentle wooded slope, which is far from one's notion of Fafner's *Urwald*. The depths of the Rhine; the following scene in which the gods contemplate the newly built Valhalla; Mime's spacious, basaltic cave—these are among Mr. Hurry's successful achievements. His principal failure is Hunding's hut, which has no roof at all: the poetic effect of the great door swinging open to reveal the moonlit forest is not attained by a mere increase of light, which only means that we can see clearly the tree-shapes dimly discerned long before. Throughout the new *Ring* a great improvement is achieved by the projection on to a gauze front-curtain of a great variety of mist, fire and cloud effects: that our eyes should now contemplate these during the swirling and billowing orchestral interludes instead of gazing at the formal red curtain with its royal cipher is a pure gain. Some of the negative solutions, modelled after Bayreuth, seem more dubious. The non-swimming Rhinemaidens are hardly more agile than Alberich, whose humiliation is in consequence not so clear to the audience. The evening meal *chez* Hunding is always a problem; but, apart from the fact that it is mentioned in the dialogue, it has the advantage of bringing the three participants in this tense scene into close proximity; as things now are, the three sit supperless each in a different corner of the murky stage, for all the world like another set of Norns, and the mounting psychological tension is dissipated.

Apart from a few such questionable details, Professor Hartmann's production of the tetralogy was admirably clear and effective. Fritz Stiedry was the conductor. His grasp of the musical structure is sound enough, but his feeling for tempo is uncertain, and he too seldom drew from the orchestra a saturated sensuous blend of tone or created in the theatre that magical glow of emotion (for instance, in the passage for divided cellos when Siegfried muses on his parentage) which marks a really first-rate Wagner performance. The first *Walküre* was very poor; it was a mistake on the part of the management, having failed to procure a substitute Siegmund, not to announce that Hans Beirer was suffering from a severe cold. Except for the touching Sieglinde of Sylvia Fisher, this *Walküre* is best forgotten, but with *Siegfried* things greatly improved; I have never heard Set Svanholm in happier form than on this occasion, though in *Götterdämmerung* his voice had returned to its normally more rigid condition. Ferdinand Frantz is a musical singer, who abstains from barking, but lacks the power, especially in his upper notes, to give authority to Wotan's tirades. Margaret Harshaw is a healthy girl with a healthy voice, who conveys little of the Valkyrie's wildness and pride and is not yet equal to the tremendous denunciations of the second act of *Götterdämmerung*, but sings the more lyrical passages with a natural ease and beauty of tone which augurs well for her future. The Donner of Rhydderich Davies was below par and often below pitch, and the Gutrune of Elfriede Wasserthal was an almost comic misconception of that gentle character; but most of the minor parts were adequately filled. Paul Kuen suffers a little from the compulsion of all Mimes to act everyone else off the stage: he indulges in too much whimpering and falsetto and simian contortions, but his whole performance was imbued with a sullen, passionate intensity, and there was more life in his treatment of the opening pages of *Siegfried* than in the whole of the preceding *Walküre*. The most impressive moment in the entire cycle came in *Das Rheingold* (of which I heard the second performance), where Alberich's cursing of the ring rang through the house with an awful and desperate malevolence from the lips of Otakar Kraus.

If this was in no sense a *Ring* of high achievement, it was an honourable attempt, a foundation upon which, another year, some richer structure might well arise.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

DELICACY AND GENTILITY

THERE are 60 canvasses and 40 etchings by the Italian painter Giorgio Morandi at the New Burlington Galleries. Morandi, who was born in 1890, is considered one of the Grand Old Men of Italian painting—though, considering the extreme tentativeness of his art, the word "grand" is perhaps inappropriate. This exhibition, made up of works from 1911 to 1952, reveals his character and range very well. His subjects are his well-known bottle still-lives, flowers and landscapes. His early works show the slight influence of Chirico and the Metaphysical School. But by 1918 Morandi had established his own ideas and has preserved them ever since.

It would be easy to dismiss Morandi as an artist whose sensibility is so delicate that it can only be considered anæmic. His outlines are shaky; his colours are pale and powdery; his use of tone reminds one of an old woman wrapping up porcelain ornaments in tissue paper. But it would be too easy. Morandi's completely unpretentious acceptance of his own limitations forces one to accept them oneself. If you look into one of his landscapes—a foreground of pale bleached grass, a few poplar trees, a biscuit-coloured house, a blue sky made soft with white dust—you begin to see that within its excessively delicate vision it does contain very precise and sharp colour and tonal observation. Think of an ochre-coloured rock face in Italian midday sunlight; remember how its features become diffused and seem to float behind a sort of muslin curtain of heat, and yet at the same time still convince as being definite and tangible. It is like that in Morandi's best landscapes. And his still-lives of ancient bottles, bowls and paper roses have the same passive precision. One suspects that the bottles only contain a little water for sprinkling on the floor or eau-de-Cologne for cooling the forehead—certainly nothing as strong as wine. Yet they convince because of the accuracy of the contemplation that lies behind them: a contemplation so exclusive and silent that, looking at one of these pictures, one feels that nothing except Morandi's cherished light could possibly fall on the isolated shelf or table—not even another speck of dust. The etchings use stronger tonal contrasts, but in them the same aloofness, the same patience that goes so far that it suggests timelessness, the same sense of the objects portrayed being holy relics of some sort, are conveyed by their most intricately worked surface "lace" of cross-hatching.

When Vitale Bloch writes in the catalogue that Morandi's work has "an incomparable moral impact" and sounds "a sombre note of a *rappel à l'ordre*," he is exaggerating. If ever there was an artist in an Ivory Tower it is Morandi and for that very reason he can have no moral impact of any sort. As for a recall to order—that can only mean something if it derives from a new assimilation of experience; Morandi's work derives from rejection; it is monastic. I defend his work simply because, for an artist inhabiting an Ivory Tower, Morandi is remarkably humble, and because his work can give a genuine if small amount of gentle pleasure.

At Cecil Sharp House, the headquarters of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, in Regent's Park Road, a large mural painting by Ivon Hitchens has just been unveiled. It measures 69ft. by 20ft. and covers most of one wall of the Main Hall used for dancing. In his notes about the work, Hitchens explains how the subject is a wood with animals, Morris Dancers, the Queen of the May, a Hobby Horse and so on disporting themselves; but in fact the painting gives the impression of being almost abstract with an occasional formalised head or hand emerging. The composition, if considered by itself, is well sustained. Yet just because one must consider it by itself, just because the work establishes no real connection with either the architecture or the function of the room, its impact cannot support its scale and so becomes boring. In discussing the problem of scale Hitchens says that "the dancers want to feel that they are the chief occupiers of the hall, and not that they are being dwarfed by a race of superhuman gods looking down upon their little antics." This is the heart of the matter. Large murals are impossible without gods. They can be religious and tragic as in Michelangelo, secular and magnificently frivolous as in Veronese, political and didactic as in Rivera—but they must be there, recognised by common consent. The failure of this painting is not Hitchens's personal failure. It is the failure of a general spirit: a spirit inhibited by gentility.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

TELEVISION Continental Exchange has ended, and what conclusions are we to draw from it? That it was a technical triumph goes, I imagine, without saying. And certainly it finished with a magnificent burst, the soccer match between Germany and Hungary, the most sheerly exciting sporting event I have ever seen on TV. Inevitably, the programmes from the eight countries taking part in the exchange—I saw about three-quarters of them—were extremely uneven in quality and interest. I should say that quite half were not worth putting on; the only conceivable interest they had was that they had come a very long way. It was evident from the first programme of all, that a carnival of flowers in Switzerland—pretty girls on floats, all the brass bands for miles around, and crowds staring glumly through the pouring rain—was not essentially different from a carnival of flowers at Budleigh Salterton, and if the citizens of Budleigh Salterton would not take their pleasures more gladly than the Swiss at least they could scarcely take them more sadly. Again, watching the televised Hendon Borough Show the evening after *Copenhagen Rendezvous*, it was forcibly brought home to me that the difference between a fight with balloons on a greasy pole in North London and a fight with balloons on a greasy pole in Denmark is inconsiderable; while the programme from Western Germany, songs and dances at an international youth camp on the Rhine, was of an unrelieved dreariness beyond description; not my idea of a jamboree, which after all, rightly or wrongly, does suggest a corroboree.

The French certainly rose to the occasion; but then the French have one great asset: Paris. Admittedly, their programmes, simply because of the scene, catered for that nostalgia for Paris which is the *sine qua non* of every educated Englishman, whether he has been to Paris or not; yet even I, who have had my dose of French Flu once and am now immune, found *Looking at Paris* enchanting. *Voulez-Vous Jouer Avec Paris?* I liked less: too many modes—studio settings, film and cartoons—were mixed; but the production in the studio had a sense of style that one looks for in vain from Lime Grove. All the same, the high point of Television Continental Exchange occurred on the first day: the visit to the Vatican. This was quite superb, a model of how to show great architecture on the TV screen. And how thrilling and moving it was to see in such close detail the Raphael cartoons inside the Vatican. It was a breath-taking programme; and when one adds to it the stirring, uninhibited telefilm *Palio di Siena*, it seems to me as certain as anything can be that it was the Italians who took away the honours in this international competition.

Nevertheless, Continental Television Exchange tripped up over a snag that I at any rate had not foreseen: the language barrier. This meant that

looking at Paris, admiring Danish pigs, watching that wonderful free-for-all of a horse-race in Siena, we were all the time handed over to the tyranny of the commentators: hearty, earnest, enthusiastic, exhortatory travel-agency couriers standing up in the motor-coach determined to give the customers their money's-worth of the good, the true and the beautiful, the quaint and the picturesque. One sympathised with them: what else could they do? But surely local guides who spoke English might have been found? One commentator, though, came as near perfection as I've heard: Mr. Basil Taylor at the Vatican—dignified, restrained, and yet telling one precisely what one wished to know.

How we surmount the language barrier I cannot tell; but it does mean that so long as it exists television programmes from abroad, except for sporting events, will be not quite the genuine article. It is the language barrier which makes us tourists: we'd all rather mingle anonymously with the foreign crowd. Television Continental Exchange was a new form of tourism; the nations taking part were putting on shows for the benefit of the visiting firemen; and one had a distinct impression that where they had a monarch they were taking jolly good care to put him in the shop window. Reasonable enough; but what one wanted was not so much to rubberneck at foreign marvels as to peep through the key-hole at the natives at home. Only the French granted us anything like this privilege.

Asking for the impossible, one really wanted, in other words, a view of the programme that was not marked "For export only." Had we got it we might well have been disappointed: it might have proved as dull as that from Western Germany. But how interesting it would have been to have seen the German or French or Dutch equivalent, assuming it exists, of Miss Jeanne Heal's admirable programme *Polio*, which was almost unique in programmes of this kind in not making one feel at the end of it that one had the symptoms of the disease already coming on. Or how does Italian studio drama compare with the surprisingly good production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters* last week, surprisingly good because on the face of it both the structure and the subtleties of a Chekhov play could be expected utterly to defeat the narrow focus of the camera-eye?

For that matter, how do foreign political broadcasts compare with ours? Do they, too, like the Tories a week ago, attempt to turn the whole country into one enormous public meeting, with the telephone at the elbow the substitute for catching the chairman's eye at question-time? These are precisely the kinds of thing we do not know, and the result is our television suffers all the time from an almost entire lack of standards of comparison. One had hoped Television Continental Exchange would go some way towards supplying us with these standards. Once or twice, in programmes from France and Italy, it did. And perhaps this was more than we had a right to expect.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Big Heat," at the Metropole, Victoria
"The Mad Magician," at the London Pavilion
"Duel in the Jungle," at Warner's
"Trouble in the Glen," at the Gaumont
"Happy Ever After," at the Empire

Midsummer Madness is here. Look in at any of the films listed, except the first, and you will find it at work. Magicians go mad in 3-D; insurance agents fly to London, knowing that only there will they find the girl they must chase through Africa; Mr. Orson Welles takes on a kilt and a complexion like Madras curry, and declares he's in Scotland; while the Ould Eire of *Happy Ever After* mourns a landlord rich enough to keep beneficiaries and malefactors hopping through eight reels.

My favourite among these is *The Mad Magician* which, being in 3-D, goes all out for a fine old-fashioned flavour, with black villainies, long speeches, female screams, and all. A good moment for coming in is when the girl trots up to the front door and knocks; "Wait a moment!" says a muffled voice within; and there are some hasty readjustments as Mr. Vincent Price removes traces of the gentleman he has just beheaded with his circular saw. I rather like Mr. Price, preferring him indeed to our own Mr. Price. He is dignified, clouded, he seems touched by culture. His voice caresses, and those fingers will be of steel. Epigrams of Wilde, transports of Poe are always about to be his. What if they never eventuate? A darkening role will plunge him, never wholly unadmirable, deep into the chasms of multiple murder. Here, he starts off with the saw (he can express in a glance how he is in love with that instrument); then, in the guise of the man just murdered, there's strangulation, female; he takes advantage of some local junketings to dump a corpse on a bonfire; he invents, being a stage conjurer, a crematorium trick, in which, after one blazing success and another almost within his grasp, he will—must—eventually go up himself. All this takes place towards the end of that last century to which 3-D naturally gravitates. There seem quite good reasons for the various murders, and it was sheer bad luck for Mr. Price that finger-print detection should come in when he'd committed himself too far to go back. *The Mad Magician* gives us our money's-worth, if we don't count the extra 6d. for the glasses.

Duel in the Jungle and *Trouble in the Glen* are funny without meaning to be, but not funny enough. The third of this British trio—*Happy Ever After*, with Mr. David Niven as a cad coming into an estate—seemed to me the most tolerable; if, that is, one can bear Hibernian farce hatched in Wardour Street.

The one real film on my list, *The Big Heat*, has been about for some time, having originally been launched without the benefit of a press showing—why, I cannot imagine. It is directed by Fritz Lang, with technical efficiency and with a realism that has been lacking recently in gangster films. There is a certain ruthless gusto about the tracking down by an embittered cop of his wife's murderers. The half-hearted authorities are convincing, so are the bar, the boss, the women, the underlings who "work over" a victim with cigarette burns. The film, in fact, catches just the right note of excitement and aseptic horror, and the acting is as good as the photography. Mr. Glenn Ford as the cop is sullenly impressive. If one looks for a possible reason why this film has been, not suppressed, but soft-pedalled, one might find it in the notion conveyed that the police are not always guiltless of complicity. Crooks, commissioners, and politicians sit down here to a friendly game of poker, and the suggestion at the end that, with the gang routed, all's well, is not much insisted on. As muck-raking goes this is mild enough, if refreshing at a time when every American institution is for the best—except Mr. Price.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"We Must Kill Toni," at the Westminster

There is a bogusly erudite discussion between two artificially loquacious gentlemen on the subject of whether to kill Toni—or whether marriage would less dangerously achieve the same result of preventing her, their cousin, taking from them the family inheritance of hall and lands and what remainder of wealth goes with them. The false rhythms of Mr. Ian Stuart Black's conversational ping-pong—it scarcely rises to the dignity of table tennis—is mildly infectious, but only sporadically witty; and his invention, after the first statement of the case, stunted. Consequently three acts have to do the work of one, which is another way of inflicting cruelty on your actors. As the two brothers attempting murder and quarrelling in sea-sickly rolling periods over marriage, Mr. Alan MacNaughtan and Mr. Michael Denison are neat and precise enough. Miss Dulcie

Here's the most sought after Sherry in all Spain

—now available in England in limited quantities

YOU OWE YOURSELF THE PLEASURE OF

Garvey's FINO SAN PATRICIO

IMPORTED BY MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LTD.
110 CANNON ST, LONDON, E.C.4

Security and more

LET YOUR MONEY EARN A TAX-PAID RETURN OF

2¾%

EQUIVALENT TO 3% ON AN INVESTMENT TAXED AT THE STANDARD RATE

Interest accrues from day of investment. Facilities for prompt withdrawal.

ASSETS EXCEED £6,000,000

For full details, write or telephone:

City Prudential Building Society

17 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1 (CITY 8323)
131/132 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1 (MAYFAIR 9581)
AND AT: BIRMINGHAM, BRADFORD, BRIGHTON, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER

Birth Control Clinic
(Founded by Dr. Marie Stopes 1921)

Personal advice FREE on Birth Control and all Marriage Problems from specially trained midwives and doctors daily (not Saturday) 10 to 6 p.m. No appointment necessary. Also we can supply by post the most helpful books by the world pioneer:

MARRIED LOVE 7/6
ENDURING PASSION 7/6
CHANGE OF LIFE IN MEN & WOMEN 7/6
BIRTH CONTROL TO-DAY 4/-
THE HUMAN BODY 5/-
Postage 3d. each

108, Whitfield Street, London, W.1

Gray, as the intended victim, plays for that brand of brittle, angelically-innocent indestructibility which is Miss Vivien Leigh's special quality in certain parts, and achieves something near it, and Mr. Richard Goolden, as the inevitable old retainer, gives everyone concerned in this rather dispiriting affair a lesson in the meticulous timing of comedy.

D. M.

Moscow State Puppet Theatre, at the Casino

No audience in London is likely to enjoy itself more this summer than those who see this week's Soviet puppet show at the London Casino. Last week, Mr. Obraztsov opened with an ingenious play which, from an English point of view, was marred only by somewhat lengthy passages of Russian dialogue. This difficulty has been removed this week. *The Unusual Concert* does not depend on language, and the puppet compère speaks quite adequate English—remarkably adequate, in view of the fact that the words have been re-written for the occasion in the last few days, and are delivered by a Russian who has never before spoken the language. The whole show is a brilliant satire on bad and pretentious entertainment—the same theme that was exploited with such gusto by the Italian marionettes last winter. The puppets achieve so remarkable a degree of personality that the audience is staggered when, at the end, the manipulators appear as a row of smiling giants. We had all got into the habit of believing the puppets were real, including the poodles, which behave as only poodles do, the spaniel and cockerel who sing opera, and the lions, whose luscious eyes ogle as familiarly as those of the lady who sings coloratura. One would need to go every night of the week to appreciate the subtleties of this performance. Not only do the puppets do many things we would have thought impossible, but they have a running backstage comedy amongst themselves. The ill-repressed anger of the pianist who is never allowed by the compère his due meed of applause is only one of a dozen jokes within a joke.

K. M.

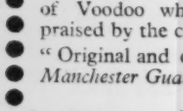
OUTSTANDING FICTION

THE IDOLS AND THE PREY

by John Goodwin

The novel about Haiti and the negro cult of Voodoo which has been so highly praised by the critics.

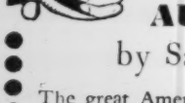
"Original and extremely striking"—*The Manchester Guardian*. 12*s*. 6*d*.



ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH

by Saul Bellow

The great American novel acclaimed as "a triumph" by J. B. Priestley. 15*s*.



THE AGENCY GAME

by Bernard Gutteridge

Out July 16—The hilarious novel about advertising. 12*s*. 6*d*.

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

Correspondence

NO PAIRS

SIR,—The decision of the Parliamentary Labour Party, following the Government's refusal to implement the free vote of the House of Commons on M.P.s' salaries, to abandon pairing in the House with the Tories was surely legitimate. But there must be many people, both within and out of the party, who doubt whether the occasion was the best one to choose. To attack and hound the Government is a legitimate task of any worth-while opposition. The Conservatives did it to us during the long winter nights of 1951 and they were sufficiently successful to force Mr. Attlee to risk an appeal to the country in a bid to shake off the snappings of the hounds as they prepared to harry the Labour administration to its end. Yet an examination of the record leaves one wondering whether the Labour opposition in the Commons has adequately performed this task. It has on occasions harassed the Tories into some dangerously narrow majorities in the division lobbies, but the occasions have been few and mostly far apart. Usually the speeches and the arguments have been superb and the results nil or negligible. This would have been sad but endurable if we had felt that we had been using all our weapons. We now know that we haven't. On hundreds of occasions the Tories have been able to win division after division with a muster of between 150 and 260 members. And their majorities have, whatever their numbers, always been between the 25 and 35 mark. This has been achieved by the simple procedure of arranging for one Labour member not to vote for each Tory who wants to be away from the House during a threatened division so that he can attend to private, and often more financially profitable, affairs.

Pairing may be tolerable in a Parliament where the Government has a sufficiently large majority to carry through its programme whatever the Opposition may say, feel or do. It is also allowable for members of the Government who have to be away carrying on the duties of government. But in all other circumstances it is, today, tantamount to the Labour Party refusing to go all out to achieve the responsibilities of office. Talk of the failures of the Tory administration may be accurate; exhortations to Labour supporters to leave no stone unturned to bring home to the people in the constituencies the follies of Churchill and his friends may be necessary, but a little more realism and action on the part of the Parliamentary Labour Party might make the job a whole lot easier.

MOSS MURRAY

SIR,—Your editorial note and Mr. Fienburgh both seem to ignore the real trouble, which is that the Prime Minister, with the help of the 1922 Committee, has cleverly tricked the Opposition (by first offering a free vote and then withdrawing it) into risking an election on an issue which is bound to lose them an enormous majority of Labour votes.

J. M.

THE BAGANDA

SIR,—Your correspondent "X.Y.Z." said: "The Baganda are not united in the defence of Mutesa II, nor indeed are the royal family." If he prides himself on intimate knowledge of Baganda thought and feeling, he has woefully deceived himself. For the Katikkiro in welcoming Sir Keith Hancock in the Great Lukiko in June said: "... the absence of our Kabaka is deeply felt by *all* Baganda." Turning to the throne he added: "Although the throne is empty, according to our custom, we feel the presence of the Kabaka here now." Indeed, that reference produced prolonged applause. Later the Chiefs and Members knelt towards the throne. Truly the Katikkiro was here giving expression to what he knows are the exact mood and temper of the overwhelming majority of his countrymen at this moment, and he should know better than X.Y.Z.!

Furthermore, the royal family, with the exception of a handful of supporters of the Pretender, Prince George Mawanda, has stood solidly with the Kabaka. As long ago as February, nearly all the princes signed a document and sent it to the Governor—this event was widely reported in the vernacular press—in which, *inter alia*, they each pledged never to accept election as Kabaka.

It is, therefore, preposterous for X.Y.Z. to suggest that because of the "Change in the attitude of *many* Baganda, active supporters of Mutesa have intensified their campaign as a last attempt to get him back." Rather it was the Governor who—as a last desperate attempt to get a new Kabaka elected before Professor Hancock went—insidiously but unsuccessfully supported the Pretender, and also sent out edicts through the Katikkiro to all the Chiefs reiterating something that his lieutenants have been propagating without success ever since Mutesa's deportation.

E. G. M. NDAWULA

OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS

SIR,—The recent verdict of "Not Guilty" by the jury in a case where the English publishers of a novel by an American author were charged with obscene publication is an example of the fact that when laws intended to deal with pornography are invoked against reputable scientific and literary works, a British jury can generally be relied on to act in accordance with common sense. A similar instance was the acquittal of Dr. Eustace Chesser, when he was prosecuted in respect of a book of sex instruction some years ago. Every respectable publisher owes it to his reputation when attacked in this way to insist on his right to trial by jury. To submit to trial in a magistrates' court is to invite almost certain conviction; and to offer to withdraw the book from publication, as some publishers have done in the past, is incompatible with the dignity of the publishing profession and the rights of authors and of the reading public.

The position is not so straightforward, however, when proceedings are taken against a book under the Obscene Publications Act, and no common law charge is made, because there is no right of trial by jury. For some years the authorities have been conducting a sort of guerilla warfare against books of sex education by reputable authors, issued by perfectly well-known publishers, by taking proceedings under this Act in provincial towns. Acquittal in one court gives no immunity from proceedings against the same book in another, and neither publisher nor author has any right to be heard. Should not books laying claim to scientific, educational or literary merit be protected against this form of persecution?

ALEC CRAIG

THE NEWEST NOVELS

SIR,—Emotional response to factual statement is becoming a commonplace of controversy, but it is still hard to see how Mr. Priestley's admirable essay on the newest novelists could have generated such heat in Mr. Brian Glanville. Mr. Priestley had observed that these new novelists appeared to be, in a new way, outside our society, to be almost a resistance movement against "us," the occupation forces; he suggested that this attitude may prove to be of very great importance, and should at least be noted as a possible straw in the wind.

At least two of the novelists Mr. Glanville adduces to refute Mr. Priestley are not among the "new" novelists of whom Mr. Priestley was writing; both Mr. Hinde and Mr. Wyllie wrote inside the accepted tradition. But the novels of Mr. Wain, Mr. Amis and Miss Iris Murdoch do bear out Mr. Priestley's contention. "What do you think I want?" demands Charles, Mr. Wain's hero, and the answer he accepts is Neutrality—"the means to put himself beyond the struggle and the leisure to meditate sufficiently to keep him on his guard against his own folly." Whether Mr. Priestley's criticisms of these writers' backgrounds and heroes is justified is a matter of opinion: that the attitude he attributed to them is indeed their attitude can be confirmed by reading their books. Mr. Glanville's mistake is surely that he transfers his dislike of the attitude to the man who pointed out that it exists.

MARGHANITA LASKI

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—I am very gratified that Mr. Ginsburg implicitly accepts my refutation of the economic arguments in favour of German rearmament. These have been given special publicity as they were

thought to appeal to trade unionists. The argument that "Eastern German rearmament" is never mentioned while "the Western German position today" is that "of unilateral disarmament" (*In Defence of Europe*, p. 3) does not seem quite borne out even by Mr. Ginsburg's figures. Yet Mr. Ginsburg does not quote that part of the Foreign Office reply which states that the West German Frontier Police (very properly) possess also heavier arms. Moreover, the Eastern forces are known to be below strength. Nor was anything said by the Foreign Office (presumably because nothing was asked) about the Labour Corps, which are potential military units. Their inclusion would alter the picture considerably if not decisively.

Altogether it seems as difficult now as in the 1920s to obtain a really adequate picture of the various categories of German formations on either side. The Foreign Office, for instance, stated on June 21, 1954, that the Bonn frontier police numbered 10,000 only, as against "20,000 frontier and mobile police" mentioned by them on March 24, 1954. The Transport House pamphlet gives the East German forces as 100,000 and not 90,000. Other misleading classifications are not in the least unlikely. Whatever may be the truth (and I do not claim omniscience) I do not believe that any of these statistics of East and West German forces justify the demand for a West German Wehrmacht of between 250-400,000 with thousands of tanks and airplanes *rather than a further strengthening of the Frontier Police*. I should make it clear that I was in favour of the establishment in 1951 of a strong West German Frontier Police. Its existence is, in my view, a strong argument against forming a fully fledged West-German army.

Oxford. THOMAS BALOGH

PEACE-LOVING GERMANY

SIR,—As one of the original members of the Union of Democratic Control, to which so many of your readers and contributors belong, may I be allowed briefly to give my reasons for resigning? Germany has always been my special field of interest, and now our policy towards her may be the key to our own fate.

I reject the U.D.C. perspective in which the West German Government is seen as a major danger and the Soviet Power as pacific and harmless, although there has been no repudiation of the original article of Soviet faith which commits the U.S.S.R. to the mission of converting—or subduing—the world to Communism.

In the U.D.C. national campaign utmost stress is laid on the rise of neo-Nazis who aim at the reconquest of Germany's lost Provinces. Dr. Adenauer's repeated declarations that "the issues connected with the Oder-Neisse Line must be solved not by force, but by exclusively peaceful means" (Oct. 1953) are ignored; as also those of the expellees themselves. The *Expellee Press Service* (June 25) reports Rallies of 700,000 expellees (attended by representatives of the Federal Government and of the Occupying Powers) at which the sense of their European responsibility was strongly expressed, and with it their will "to return to the homelands only by peaceful means." (They are already all too well aware of what war means.)

If Democratic Control has any meaning one must respect the united verdict of the September, 1953, Elections in favour of Dr. Adenauer and his policies from all except the Social Democrats. The U.D.C. does not go so far as Mr. Bevan when he declares that "German Socialists are united against rearmament," but I do not share in the U.D.C. doubts raised by the Social Democrat leader's declaration (April 28) that rearmament "is not for purposes of aggression," but for *defence*, and that the U.S.S.R. bears "the decisive responsibility for the state between war and peace."

The greatness of E. D. Morel, the founder in 1914 of the U.D.C., lay partly in his keen sense of the basic human factors controlling international politics. Hence his wisdom as an observer and as a prophet. But the present U.D.C. take his name in vain. In *Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy: An Unheeded Warning* (1915) and in *Truth and the War* (1916), he exposed our share of responsibility for the First World War. In *The Betrayal of the People* (1919) he and the U.D.C. Executive issued a forcible protest against the Versailles Treaty as an instrument of injustices *which would lead to a fresh convulsion*. In 1936 this was followed up by C. R. Buxton in *The Alternative to War* in which he explained the serious causes which might provoke Germany, Italy and Japan to war in the near future.

Essentially, it is the bane of our national self-righteousness which leads our people—including, alas, many U.D.C. members—to accept the shallow doctrine of Germany's sole responsibility for the World Wars, and to justify treatment of her as a nation inferior to ourselves—or at any rate to be held down. German national *amour-propre* has been deeply wounded since 1945, and even Dr. Adenauer's exemplary patience seems now to have broken down. Morel would have foretold it.

Peaslake, Surrey. DOROTHY F. BUXTON

MUSICIANS IN THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—I was particularly interested in "Critic's" timely comment last week concerning the possibility of British artists visiting the Soviet Union and thus opening up a two-way traffic in the cultural sphere. Your readers, I feel sure, will be pleased to know that that traffic has already commenced.

On June 1 this year, in company with Mr. Kenneth Wright, Head of Music at Television, Mr. Evan Senior, Editor of Music and Musicians, and Mrs. Checketts, Music Secretary of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R., travelled the first group of British artists. Martin Lawrence (bass), Alan Loveday (violinist), and myself (pianist) were welcomed by representatives of the recently formed Ministry of Culture and eminent members of the artistic professions, including Mr. Obraztsov. Between the three of us we played eight concerts in the largest halls in Moscow and Leningrad. The prevailing heat wave did not prevent the halls being crowded to the eaves, nor the reception being enthusiastic and prolonged. Standards of orchestral playing are very high and audiences discriminating.

There is eager interest in British music and the three of us recorded two hours of it for several radio networks, to be broadcast later on. Press notices were generous in space and genuine in substance; their thrice-weekly paper *Soviet Culture* reporting each concert fully despite other demands on its space. From all our observations the Soviet people are keen to hear more British artists and the Ministry of Culture is now preparing further invitations on a professional basis. LEONARD CASSINI

UNQUALIFIED LIBRARIANS

SIR,—With regard to the apparent dismay shown by Mr. Fienburgh at the House of Commons possessing "an unqualified librarian" I should like to point out that this is far from being the capital crime he imagines.

There is not, in this country, any professional organisation for librarians comparable with those that manage the affairs of the established professions. The influence of the Library Association, an admirable body which is constantly striving to improve the status of librarianship, though nation-wide, is not yet absolute in the sense that the Law Society is absolute. Its influence is almost wholly confined to the public library service, where its examinations (carrying with them, for the successful candidate, a recognised qualification) are accepted whole-heartedly. This qualification, however, though admittedly a good thing, is not regarded as essential by the specialist, the research and the great scholastic libraries which have to meet requirements not sought by those who use the public service. And they require, rightly or wrongly (the point is a domestic one for librarians alone), a different type of librarian. The B.M., the Public Records Office and the university libraries all demand a university degree, but this is only a basic educational requirement—not a qualification for librarianship.

In this age, when a string of letters after one's name matters more than real ability to do a job properly, there are still a number of professions and occupations (is not journalism among them?) where the only qualifications sought for are an instinctive flair for the job combined with years of experience. In view of the fact that the office of Librarian is an appointment that rests in the hands of Mr. Speaker, that the task of running a great library is as much administrative as professional, and that the present occupant has been a servant of the House for over twenty years, I think no more need be said on this particular point.

I would remind Mr. Fienburgh, who has the makings of a promising journalist, that even apparently plain facts are not always what they seem. When he, too, has had a little experience he may begin to realise this.

LAW LIBRARIAN

MR. GORDON'S FACTS

SIR,—John Gordon's further reference (*Sunday Express*) to a Somerset pit is pure counterfeit.

"I found the coal mine *he said didn't exist*" is just breath-taking. But "I even saw a lorry-load of coal at the entrance" may well be true—for the pit canteen is still in use. N.C.B. lorry drivers use it and park their wagons in the pit yard.

"I saw the annexe" where the "34 *clerks worked*." Indeed he did. This can only refer to the new scientific wing of the N.C.B. headquarters which butts on the pit yard concerned. Clerks?

Most remarkable feature of all this is that Gordon ignored, I understand, an official N.C.B. invitation to "come and see everything for himself." Instead he apparently came to Radstock, walked around their offices, and departed, "like a thief in the night."

Meanwhile, a smear has been passed into general circulation (an engineer from Scotland was here the other day—he inquired about the Gordon story). Decent and hardworking men in this coalfield have, apparently, no redress against such unscrupulous use of journalistic power. Thank you again for your intervention. EDWARD SHORT

Radstock, Somerset.

[Reference is made to this letter in London Diary—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

BETTER BOOKS

* booksellers *

OF CHARING CROSS ROAD

Books in General

STEPHEN CRANE is one of those writers of short, original performance whose intense life and early death (at the age of 28) create a personal legend. The natural comparison is with Stevenson and the two men had, in fact, an astonishing physical resemblance. There are other resemblances: a certain ironical, moral dandyism of temperament which comes out also in their styles, for Crane is a very literary writer and has, in consequence, been compared—as he complained—to everyone from Tolstoy to Loti. As H. G. Wells said, in one of his accurate moments, Crane really suggested Whistler rather than Tolstoy. This game is quickly dropped by Crane's new American editor, Mr. Stallman, who has done an exhaustive critical inspection of the Crane texts and has brought together a collection of Crane's best work.* One volume has been squeezed out of the twelve volumes of stories, newspaper articles and war reports which Crane left behind him. With *The Red Badge of Courage*, he includes *The Bowery Tales, The Open Sea, Maggie, The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*, and a number of letters, and Crane is examined as a founder of that American realism which was to come out in Hemingway and his present successors. If the critical biographer makes the major exception of *The Red Badge*, he is bound to say that Crane was bedevilled by the theory that a writer must know from personal experience the thing he is writing about. A man of poor health, Crane burned himself out by living as hard as he could. The feeling for immediate personal experience has certainly been dominant in American realism and has given it the pleasant bite of nonchalance and attack. A writer is an æsthetically truculent craftsman in an extrovert and disapproving society. Many European critics have said that Crane's subject was fear (here Mr. Stallman dissents), but this fear is a good deal the fear of not being tough, which runs openly or implicitly through American realism and which gives it, again and again, so many sentimental overtones. It is evident from the images used in his *Bowery Tales* that Crane shares the racial preoccupation with aggressiveness. Here is an excellent physical portrait of a barman from the Bowery of the Nineties:

> He sat on a table in the Johnson home and dangled his checked legs with an enticing nonchalance. His hair was curled down over his forehead in an oiled bang. His pugged nose seemed to revolt from contact with a bristling moustache of short, wire-like hairs. His blue double-breasted coat, edged with black braid, was buttoned close to a red puff tie, and his patent leather shoes looked like weapons. His mannerisms stamped him as a man who had a correct sense of his personal superiority. There was valour and contempt for circumstances in his eye.

Shoes like weapons! Crane's feeling for fighting, tempers, the rage, is innate and childlike. (He said he learned about battle on the football field.) In other stories, sticks, rifles, artillery, dray horses and (once) a fire engine become valued symbols of aggressive fascination. His subject lies in his ironical attitude to the will to attack and survive and, as Mr. Stallman says, in his moral sensibility to shame, guilt and conscience. *The Red Badge of Courage* is the kind of book that is written about war by a member of a post-war generation, and possibly Crane's own self-destructive appetite for life (which turned the artist into a journalist) sprang from the disappointed feeling that his elders had had the mysteriously real thing. *The Red Badge of Courage* is a *tour de force*, but it is no more than that when it is compared with the military stories of Tolstoy.

Mr. Stallman properly looks at Crane from an American point of view. He has some good things to say, and others that puzzle me extremely. He says, truly, that Crane was an impressionist and influenced by painters, that his style can be called pointillist, and that he is a master of fluidity, movement, episode. His variety of movement is remarkable and conveys wonderfully the sensations of longing and disillusion, false expectation, puzzled regret, accident, calm and change. He catches, too, the anonymity of human beings in the large dramas that swallow them up. Not always successfully: Maggie, the prostitute, in his first tale, is a person until misfortune puts her on the streets; afterwards she becomes a pathetic theatrical generalisation. The four shipwrecked men in *The Open Boat*—his first short story—are anonymous. The chief character of the *Red Badge* is, simply, "the young man."

Modern pessimism has not poisoned Crane: courage was possible. As Mr. Stallman says, the issues of conscience or of the struggle with fate are made more powerful by the use of the anonymous character and the various manuscript versions of *The Red Badge of Courage* show how careful Crane was not to preach at the reader or underline his intention; on the other hand, one can argue that the anonymous democrat is purely one of "old Kaspar's" æsthetic ideas—an escape from the duty of telling us what the "war was about." It is a good judgment of Mr. Stallman's that, in his best work, Crane's characters are occupied less with the casuistries of fear or the uncomprehending simplicities of aggressiveness than with a quest for self-identity. What they feel more than fear is incredulity. They cannot *believe* that life can treat them in this and this fashion. They wish to find themselves and to form a soul. In the *Bowery Tales*, the best things are those which describe how the fighting, drunken characters occasionally suspect a meaning in their experience or that a meaning is there which they cannot quite grasp. When Maggie's brother and her drunken mother become morally indignant at her fate and maudlin about her death, a dim perverse light has been lit in their consciences. The continual irony of the stories is without the trick of cynicism, but acts as a hardening of the stoic's moral muscles: the fight is spiritual. The hard lesson of life is that a plunge into the "destructive element" is necessary, and that we shall be grown up because, having fought to live, we expect nothing. Virtue will be its own not entirely consoling reward.

So far I have no difficulty with Mr. Stallman's interpretation, though I think Crane's realism abounds in the pathetic fallacy and that his romanticism, having been purged from the soul, goes into his adjectives. But when the critic joins the new, modish, indoor recreation of looking for symbols in small details of the text, I am very suspicious. Certain symbols were, of course, important to Crane and he uses words like "mystic," "rite" and "ritual." The "red badge" is explicitly the false wound on the young man's head. Crane was also superstitious about the inner meaning of colours. Blue and red were used for special purposes—and, I must say, with some falsity of effect. Quite explicitly, also, the naked man who rescues the drowning men at the end of *The Open Boat* is felt by them to have had "a halo" round his head, and this tale of great power, cunning and suspense is a fable about the human gamble with fate. If we win, we can be excused if we distribute a few haloes around and Crane thought it morally indispensable for us to win. But to go further than this and to say that when Jim Conklin ignores the rumours of the coming battle and goes off and washes his shirt (in the opening chapter of *The Red Badge of Courage*) he is performing a ritual act of absolution; to pick out that puzzling metaphor of the red wafer-like appearance of the sun when Conklin dies, as a moment when the young narrator "partakes of the sacramental blood and body of Christ" and is reborn, and so on, seems to me to carry symbolism to very dubious lengths. A plausible case could be made out—perhaps it has already been done by these textual mythologists—for a Freudian interpretation of this book. The struggle for the flag, the insistence on broken swords, the reference to the rifle as an "impotent stick," the fact that outside the "box" of the regiment the young man is nothing, and that only the regiment—now become a "soaring and triumphant rocket"—gives him potency, suggest other fanciful fields of inquiry—but for the idle psychiatrist, not for the literary critic. Crane's romanticism and dandyism are patent: his merit lies in his observation of human nature on the battlefield, in the slums, at sea; in the unexpectedness of his scenes, his sense of chance and accident, his eye for the physical, of how men quarrel in defeat, what ways of dying there are, how people's minds change, how new thoughts come to them and especially (in all his tales) how they talk. There is always the ironical contrast between what is suggested to the imagination and what is in fact seen. Jim Conklin, dying of his wounds, walks with his court of mourners like a spectre seeking a place to die. When he does die, Crane will notice that his left shoulder hits the ground first. Before that moment, when his agonised boyhood friend greets him, we read of this end of love and life:

> The tall soldier gave a little commonplace smile.

Or again, of another dead man:

> The youth could see that the soles of his shoes had been worn to the thinness of writing paper and from a great rent in one of them the dead foot projected piteously. And it was as if fate had betrayed the soldier. In death it exposed to his enemies that poverty which in life he had perhaps concealed from his friends.

Crane, of course, imagined the war he described in *The Red Badge of Courage*. He

---

* *Stephen Crane. An Omnibus.* Edited by R. WOOSTER STALLMAN. *Heinemann.* 21s.

had never seen war at that time, but with great industry he had constructed it out of documents, conversations and pictures. He was (Wells tells us in his *Autobiography*) a very slow, simple talker, and fundamentally American, not Tolstoyan. Afterwards he was paid huge sums to become a war correspondent; the artist declined, the journalist emerged. This proves very little. But a moralist can suggest that the detachment of the outsider brings with it a special Hamlet-like train of doubts, shames, guilts and scruples, and that the preoccupation with personal salvation is the natural result of not participating. All Crane's young man does is to purify his soul and improve his own character, while a nation is torn in two by a tremendous moral issue greater than any individual trouble. Crane described, with his excellent gift of metaphor, in one of his stories, a mother going off in black to a prayer meeting, "like a limited funeral." *The Red Badge* is "a limited funeral" when we compare it with Tolstoy's war narratives which are the work of an artist who had also been a combatant. Tolstoy has the plain sense of the whole. Romantic, restless, dipping into "life" all over the world, distracted, harassed, killing a frail body in the search for experience, Crane is a personality, an impressionist who catches the incredulous solitary in other human beings.

V. S. PRITCHETT

EPITAPH FOR A HORSEMAN

Let no one mourn his mount, upholstered bone
He rode so cruelly over bog and stone,
Log, fence and ditch in every kind of weather;
Nor dare to hint those two came down together:
A horse fell dead and cast his master down,
But by that fall their union was undone.
A broken jade we found, the rider gone,
Leaving no tokens but his cold clean gear,
Bit, reins and riding crop for friends to gather:
None but a beast's remains lie buried here.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

GALATEA

What wind can cool the mirror
That weaves unending fire?

Such labour and desire
Assemble from his life
Out of a mass of error
Verities that revive
In brief emotive gestures
Or hints of a physique,
Intent into the texture
And smoothness of the stone.
One night the work's complete.

The chisel drops. A candle
Assists the waning moon
To supernaturalise
The surfaces of art.
He can no longer handle
The pressures of the heart,
Whose blind mythologies
Insatiably summon
Through to a further truth:
True, though transcendent, woman.

She stirs. And love runs free.
Yet, as a supple light
Moves on the moving curve
Of warm and stone-smooth thigh,
He still regards her with
The whole intent of art—

With passion and reserve.

ROBERT CONQUEST

HITLER'S EMPIRE

Hitler's Europe: Survey of International Affairs 1939-1946. Edited by ARNOLD TOYNBEE and VERONICA TOYNBEE. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

Documents on International Affairs 1939-1946 : II. Hitler's Europe. Edited by MARGARET CARLYLE. *Oxford.* 38*s.*

The latest volume in the Chatham House survey of the war years is an improvement on its predecessors. Professor Toynbee's ruminations are limited to an introductory ten pages. He draws the somewhat surprising "lesson" that,

> in spite of Hitler's overthrow, some such hateful servitude was the price for political unification which the peoples of Europe would have to pay to some other abominable dictator if they did not unite voluntarily in an atomic age in which mankind was bound in the last resort to purchase unity at any price as the only alternative to self-annihilation.

No such lesson can be drawn from the events of the Second World War, though it may conceivably be imposed by the circumstances of 1954. The "lesson" of the Second World War, as narrated in these pages, is rather that Europe cannot be united round Germany; and, since she is the only Great Power on the European continent, it is difficult to see how Europe can be united in any other way. Those who want a united Europe had better forget the German record or do their best to put all the blame on Hitler.

This volume is, however, concerned with the record, not with hypothetical lessons. It is a study in imperialism—the ruthless exploitation by Germany of a conquered continent. It is also a study in German incompetence. The Germans never tried to reconcile the conquered peoples; they followed no consistent line of policy; and they envisaged no long-term results beyond the extermination of the Jews. Though their organising power has often been admired, there was far more power than organisation in the Nazi empire. They could set up a machinery of terror and send people to the gas chambers. But they did little to mobilise the economic resources of Europe even at the height of the war. Germany itself was in no better case; the war-effort was trivial until after Stalingrad. Far from fighting total war, the Germans tried to hold their own against three Great Powers without any serious inroad into the economics of peacetime. It will not do to blame Hitler alone for this. He accepted the proposals of a creative mind when one showed itself in the person of Speer. But usually the human material was lacking. The fact is that the Germans lack self-confidence. They can bluster and bully, but they cannot lead. Hence their bleating for Hitler, or anyone else, to lead them. And before condemning Hitler, we should reflect that it was Germans whom he had to lead. At any rate the Nazi tyrants were more effective than the so-called German opposition, which turns up again in these pages. The German opposition did not oppose. The German resistance did not resist. Apart from this, its record was admirable.

The German sections of this volume are the most extended and the best. The second half on occupied and collaborationist Europe resembles an encyclopædia rather than a book with a unified purpose. The material available shapes the narrative instead of being shaped by it. It would be of the greatest interest to estimate the quality and effectiveness of the resistance in various parts of Europe; but this cannot be done on the basis of contemporary press-cuttings, reinforced by occasional volumes of memoirs. Dutch or Norwegian resistance was entirely different from the partisan warfare of the Balkans—so different as to spring from a different sort of civilisation. At a guess, it was also more effective. But the materials for a solid judgment are lacking. The great danger of these Chatham House volumes is to imply that the lack is inevitable. Chatham House does the best it can with information which is already public; and its books lead people to think that contemporary history can be based only on intelligent use of newspapers.

This is not so. Governments will only give up their secrets if the public insists on it. For instance, the Ministry of Economic Warfare must have acquired a gigantic mass of information on occupied Europe. Why could this not be made available for Chatham House? It is no use saying that Chatham House is independent. Its books are cautious and official in tone, without the advantage of official information. They order these things better in the United States. There, Professors Langer and Gleason, though financed by an independent foundation, have been given the free run of the State Department archives and of Roosevelt's private papers. When it was complained that they were too respectable, a flaming isolationist was given the same free run and produced, unfortunately, a very disappointing book. Our bureaucracy is too strong to allow independent historians here.

The wisest course would be to embrace our evil and set up a government department of history, which would at least be able to override the separate ministries. At present our recent history is in wild confusion. Chatham House produces a survey, based solely on printed sources, to a rather idiosyncratic design by Professor Toynbee. The military history of the war is being written by one team with one set of rules; the civil history by another. The Foreign Office is responsible for publishing the German diplomatic documents; the Admiralty has published Hitler's conferences; Sir Winston Churchill makes a random selection from his secret papers to reinforce his version of events. There is much to be said in favour of independent history and something to be said in favour of official history. It is difficult to think of any defence for our present chaos of rival undertakings, duplicating each other's work.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE SYMBOLS OF JERUSALEM

William Blake's Jerusalem. By JOSEPH WICKSTEED. *Faber : for the Blake Trust.* 63*s.*

This is a companion volume to the black-and-white facsimile of the "Rinder" copy of *Jerusalem*, published last year by the William Blake Trust in kind consideration of those who could not hope to possess one of the five hundred coloured facsimiles of the "Stirling" copy. Mr. Wicksteed has written a page by page commentary on the text and designs, with references to any variations in the Stirling copy; and his information on all bibliographical matters must be taken as authoritative, the outcome of his lifelong study of Blake texts. All readers of Mr. Wicksteed's earlier books, on Blake's *Songs*, and on the *Job* engravings, know him, also, as one of the few among Blake's many commentators whose sympathy with his author, and whose high degree of spiritual wisdom, places his works among the enduring canon of Blake criticism. The present volume is also the fruit of long and loving study of every detail of those wonderful pages, whose lines of prophetic verse are bordered with tendrils of vegetation, birds, insects and flowers, flames, chains, naked figures weeping or rejoicing, not one of which was placed there without long and careful thought by Blake as he engraved, altered, and perfected the hundred copper plates on which the poem is written, between the years 1804 and 1820. *Jerusalem* is the longest, the last, and symbolically the most comprehensive of all the Prophetic Books, and in it, we must suppose, lies hidden the ripened wisdom of the poet's years of visionary thought.

Anything that Mr. Wicksteed has to say about Blake is stamped with a peculiar wisdom and understanding, and a sense that the author has lived with these symbols, turning them through his mind for years until they have become as part of himself. There is nothing here of the brash new Blake-student who sets out to interpret the Prophetic Books in the light of this or that—Jungian psychology, or Anglican orthodoxy—without having so much as read them. Read them, I mean, until he knows—as Mr. Wicksteed does—every variant of a line or an

image, the Western Gate and the Eyes of God and the revolution of the Sons of Los, all the difficult and obscure symbols that on a first reading we hardly know are there. Having said this, I must also say that Mr. Wicksteed's present commentary has only the value and the authority of a sympathetic personal reading of Blake's symbolism. Now in his two earlier books the limitations of such a commentary were less apparent. A careful comparison of the *Songs* yielded him many significant symbolic details, for which no knowledge of sources or symbolic references outside the poems themselves was called for. But for *Jerusalem*, this method is inadequate. It is not that Mr. Wicksteed has not read Blake carefully enough; in so far as he fails, it is through supposing that it is possible to understand Blake's symbolism by only reading Blake. Even while he admits Blake's eclecticism, he continues to work on the assumption that the elaborate mythology of the Prophetic Books was something Blake made up out of his head. In fact the uncovering of Blake's sources is by no means an impossible undertaking, for he took no trouble to conceal the clues, often quoting whole phrases from Fludd, Vaughan, Hermes, Newton, Berkeley, Bacon, an article in *Asiatic Researches* or St. Teresa's Life. Mr. Ruthven Todd's excellent *Tracks in the Snow* contains enough Blake source material to put all later scholars on their guard.

In the present state of Blake studies I do not think that any student could undertake to write a commentary on *Jerusalem* that would be adequate as a work of scholarship. Not enough work on the sources has yet been done. Here and there something is added, by Professor Northrop Frye, or Dr. Bronowski, or more recently, Professor Erdman; and Mr. Wicksteed has himself added one or two valuable bricks to the edifice, notably on Blake's use of Bacon's *New Atlantis*. But in spite of this, he has acted apparently in the faith that a mythology, dictated by angels, can be elucidated with no other help—in fact, by intelligent guessing. Now whatever part inspiration played—or even automatic writing—in the completion of the Prophecies, it did not provide the raw material; and what use is a guess—for example, the meaning of a name—when somewhere there is an actual source to which we may some day be able to point, as we already can to a very great number?

This misapprehension, shared by many Blake commentators in the past, leads Mr. Wicksteed to turn far too much to personal events and relationships in the elucidation of symbols. In this respect, Ellis and Yeats were wiser: recognising that Blake's work, far from being a subjective statement, belongs to that most formalised of all systems of thought, mystical (and magical) cabbalism. A glance at the works of Cornelius Agrippa should be enough to dispel a fog of nonsense about Blake's mother and father-in-law and any other train of thought that tries to relate the Zoas with human persons. They belong to the orthodox tradition of Angel-and Demonology. It is of course true that Los and Enitharmon have many of the characteristics of Blake and his wife; but it by no means follows by the laws of *symbolic* relationships, that the parents of these two figures have even the remotest connection with Catherine Blake's father in Battersea. The complexities of Ellis and Yeats may seem to tell us less that we can understand, with their elaboration of the Four Worlds and the Cardinal Points and the parallels of metal, mineral, animal, physical organ or mental attribute; but it is in a tradition, formal, objective and exact, of just such charts and tables, that Blake was working, albeit he uses the old symbols creatively, to form a new myth, a re-statement for his own time and place of the divine order.

Mr. Wicksteed's too subjective reading often seems to me to render trivial passages that are not so. He goes to great pains to show that a fine passage in *Milton* about the Spaces of Earth may contain a childhood memory of the Broad Street house where Blake was born; "twenty five cubits in height" (in fact the passage reads "*on a mount* of twenty five cubits in height") but does not point out that,

> And if he move his dwelling place, his heavens also move
> Where'er he goes. . . .
> Such are the Spaces called Earth & such its dimension—

is a reply directed to Newton's theory of fixed external time and space in the *Principia*, where anyone who is interested may find the parallel passage, beginning "if a place is moved, whatever is placed therein moves along with it", and ending with a definition of immovable space.

It must in justice be said that many of Mr. Wicksteed's guesses are illuminating; but others strike me as wildly improbable. The swan-headed woman on Plate Eleven, for example, represents (for the life of me I cannot see why) "Blake's bitter indictment of London night-life"—the swan being violated innocence.

Sometimes, on the other hand, Mr. Wicksteed panics where there is no need, as when he disclaims understanding of numerological symbolism, and puzzles at length over the Twenty Eight Cities of Albion. Here surely there was no need—this is not a symbolic passage at all, but a straightforward reference to Geoffrey of Monmouth's statement that there were twenty-eight cities in Ancient Britain. But with all its shortcomings, Mr. Wicksteed's intuitive interpretation of *Jerusalem* is the fruit of a long and loving study of Blake's works, by a mind both sensitive and wise.

KATHLEEN RAINE

DUKE'S SON, COOK'S SON

The Window Seat. By R. H. MOTTRAM. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Slide Rule. By NEVIL SHUTE. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Summer Long Ago. By WILLIAM GLYNNE-JONES. *Peter Nevill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A House Is Not a Home. By POLLY ADLER. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Once a Miner. By NORMAN HARRISON. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I Play As I Please. By HUMPHREY LYTTELTON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Half-Term Report. By WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Prison and Chocolate Cake. By NAYANTARA SAHGAL. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Miner, brothel-keeper, jazz-trumpeter, aircraft-engineer, playwright, Indian premier's niece, Welsh proletarian's son. . . It looks, at first glance, as if this should be a particularly rich batch of autobiographies, a great ball of Norn's knitting. Interest, indeed, there is; also, as usual in this category, some let-downs. So few people seem to attain the correct balance between extroversion and introversion, that combination of interest in the world and insight into the ego which is necessary for good autobiography. Egotism alone, of course, is not enough, witness that notoriously unsuccessful book of Frank Harris's, like a mandrill's promenade; but a certain amount of exhibitionism is essential.

We may as well begin with the professional writers. *The Window Seat*, from which Mr. Mottram takes his title, is in Gurney's Bank buildings, Norwich, where he was born in 1883. It is composed, a little disjointedly, of variations on two main themes: how he, a provincial, Nonconformist bank-clerk, gradually became a writer; and the passing of Victorian England. It ends with the war of 1914-1918, in which he served as an artillery officer and about which he wrote those excellent novels. (How terrifying to realise that he is now a septuagenarian.) There is a lot about his parents and he gives you a nice wistful aquatinted picture of middle-class life in this self-contained county capital, where some of the houses had gardens of several acres but where "girls in the rapidly expanding footwear factories who fainted from insufficient food, bad health, or approaching maternity, had a pail of water thrown over them by the janitor." But though he is good about sociology and background, he does not tell you nearly enough about himself. There is one tantalising incident when under the influence of correspondence with the Galsworthys and a fit of adolescent *Weltschmerz*, he committed "one or two foolish blunders" and was sent to another branch, but he refuses to tell you precisely what happened. It is this refusal, this solid front of indirect statement, like a bank manager's professional discretion, which makes this a disappointing book, for much of it is exceedingly well written. Perhaps Mr. Mottram feels he has spent his personal material in his novels; perhaps he is feeling jaded; if so, one might prescribe a course of literary reinvigoration for him: half-an-hour's pastiche of George Moore on rising; some self-analysis and introspection, morbid preferred; five minutes of Dr. Koestler's exhibitionist exercises, guaranteed to work wonders with a diffident provincial.

Mr. Shute, too, has an alternative profession. You probably know of him only as a robust and successful novelist, but his real name is Norway and for many years he was an aircraft engineer. *Slide Rule* is concerned with this side of life and little else. Childhood and youth—he is the son of a former secretary to the Irish Post Office and witnessed the Dublin Easter Rising at uncomfortably close quarters—and experiences in the first world war, are done in a few pages. His big inside story is about the airships R100, on the design and construction of which he worked and in which he flew to Canada, and the R101, with whose disaster airship endeavour in England came to an end. The R100 was built by Vickers, the R101 by the Air Ministry, under the patronage of Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air, who was killed in the crash. This interesting, mildly eccentric and not always totally responsible person, an example of the rare but dangerous cultivated soldier-charmer type, cast a spell over the susceptible Ramsay Macdonald. He appears to have known as much about flying as a dandelion clock. After airships, Mr. Shute helped to launch a new aircraft enterprise, now part of De Havilland's. He leaves us abruptly in 1938, celebrating the sale of the film rights of one of his novels. His writing is crisp and accomplished. He, too, tells us singularly little about himself, but self-revelation is not his purpose.

Summer Long Ago is an attempt to reconstruct childhood in South Wales, more specifically the adventures of a gang of rubbery little pubescents in and out of school and chapel, back streets and slag heaps. Mr. Jones tries to do it as if it were written by his twelve-year-old self. At its best it makes in places quite an impression of continuous present, and that strange atmosphere of farce, poetry, and fever, which Welsh and Hindus always seem to have in common, is neatly trapped. At its worst it reminds you rather of Dennis the Menace, a character in one of the boy's comic strip papers.

Now for Polly Adler, a famous New York madam. Her parents were Russian Jews. She emigrated to America as a young girl and drifted into prostitution after being raped by a dance hall pick-up. (Initial rape is a common feature in the life stories of prostitutes and should be treated with reserve.) As soon as she could, she set up a brothel of her own and concentrated on making it as high class as possible. She, or her ghost, rattles on very readably. There is a good deal about gangsters—Dutch Schulz was one of her protectors—and tired business men on mammoth jags, and it has indisputable value as a social document. Polly presents herself as her girl's best friend and the pimps' sworn enemy. She certainly appears to have a liberal allowance of the traditional bawd's good nature. Despite the luxury, the cumulative effect is depressing enough to be most salutary.

Now for a little honest toil. Mr. Harrison absolutely refuses to tell you anything about himself except that he left the civil service and, in 1942, worked at Snowdown Mine in Kent and

Just Out

simenon

TICKET OF LEAVE

His new novel is set amongst the passions and intrigues of a French farming family. 8s. 6d. *net.*

CAPITALISM AND THE HISTORIANS

Edited by F. A. Hayek

A collection of essays by T. S. Ashton, Louis Hacker, W. H. Hutt, Bertrand de Jouvenel, and F. A. Hayek, devoted to the popular misconceptions about the role of capitalism and its inception. 10s. 6d. *net.*

MARTYRS AND FIGHTERS

Edited by Philip Friedman

The epic of the Warsaw Ghetto, one of the most desperate struggles for survival in history, told through eye-witness accounts, diaries, and letters. Preface by Norman Bentwich. *Illustrated.* 21s. *net.*

REPRODUCTION AND SEX

G. I. M. Swyer

A new volume in the *Survey of Human Biology* series edited by S. A. Barnett, providing a clear and comprehensive account of the human reproductive and sexual functions. *Illustrated with diagrams*, 25s. *net.*

ON THE AESTHETIC EDUCATION OF MAN

Friedrich Schiller

A collection of letters by the great German scholar and philosopher. Translated with an introduction by Reginald Snell. *Rare Masterpieces.* 18s. *net.*

OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

Nicholas Cusanus

A translation by Germain Heron of the work of the great ecclesiastical statesman and fifteenth-century philosopher. With an introduction by D. J. B. Hawkins. *Rare Masterpieces.* 23s. *net.*

MOBILITY IN THE LABOUR MARKET

Margot Jefferys

The results of an enquiry into the post-war changes of employment in two key areas of outer London. Assisted by Winifred Moss, the author interviewed over two thousand workers in these areas. *International Library of Sociology.* 15s. *net.*

GROUNDWORK OF NIGERIAN LAW

T. Olawale Elias

By the author of *Nigerian Land Law and Custom*, this book is an account of the history of the courts, the sources and general principles of Nigerian Law. 30s. *net.*

Routledge & Kegan Paul

Philosophical Essays

A. J. AYER

Grote Professor of The Philosophy of the Mind and Logic in The University of London

Of the twelve essays which appear in this book four deal with questions of logic and metaphysics, three come within the field of moral philosophy, and the remaining five are concerned with the theory of knowledge. 18s.

The Doctrines of the Great Educators

ROBERT R. RUSK

This work is an exposition of the doctrines of a number of representative educators, including such figures as Plato, Loyola, Rousseau, Froebel, Montessori, and Dewey. It is a revised and enlarged edition, some chapters having been entirely rewritten and references throughout brought up to date. 10s. 6d.

MACMILLAN

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

• FOR BOOKS •

Bookbuyers throughout the world turn to this bookshop as a knowledgeable source of information on all their book requirements. And from generation to generation they praise and recommend Foyles —and buy their books here.

All new Books available on day of publication. Secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes.

Foyles have depts. for Gramophone Records, Stationery, Handicraft Tools and Materials, Music, Magazine Subscriptions.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (Inc. Sats.)

Nearest Stations: Tottenham Court Road

FABER

Sent to His Account

EILIS DILLON

A piece of satisfying detection in an authentic setting of Irish village life. 'Most snug; well and intelligently written with copiously detailed background unmarred by stage Irishry.'—MAURICE RICHARDSON: *Observer.* 10/6

The Pebbles on the Beach

CLARENCE ELLIS

An absorbing book about a pastime open to all—the collecting and study of pebbles, on the sea-coast, the lakeside, or below the river bank. The author explains their origin, how they may be identified, particularly the semi-precious varieties, and describes the most important shingle stretches on the coastline of the British Isles. *With 32 stones illustrated in colour, and drawings.* 12/6

Baba of Karo

A Woman of the Muslim Hausa

MARY SMITH

This full-scale autobiography of an old Hausa woman, dictated to a field anthropologist, gives a picture of African rural life which is anything but primitive and monotonous. In her long life Baba had four husbands and could vividly remember the days of slave raiding and inter-state warfare.

Foreword by PROFESSOR DARYLL FORDE. 25/-

The Cantos of Ezra Pound

In this volume are gathered together all the sections of Mr Pound's 'poem of some length' so far published, including *The Pisan Cantos.* 25/-

A Vision of Beasts and Gods

GEORGE BARKER

Choice of the POETRY BOOK SOCIETY*. A new collection of poems. 9/6

The British in Asia

GUY WINT

A completely revised edition of a book which first appeared at the time of the transference of power in India. 'The intervening nine years have changed the whole face of the East and its relation to the West . . . in its new form, therefore, the book deserves to be even more widely read than before.'—*Manchester Guardian.* 15/-

Christian Realism and Political Problems

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Reinhold Niebuhr is famed as one of the most eminent of Protestant theologians and one who has devoted special attention to the application of Christian doctrine to the social and political problems of the world today. This important book consists of a collection of essays on political, social, ethical and theological themes. 12/6

English Sculpture of the 12th Century

F. SAXL

This volume reveals the astonishing beauty of 12th century English sculpture by means of excellent photographs, including details at close view. The author places the surviving material historically and considers it alongside related English and Continental works of art. As well as 100 plates illustrating the sculpture, there are 50 showing comparative carvings, ivories, metal-work, and manuscript illuminations. *With 150 plates.* 50/-

*THE POETRY BOOK SOCIETY may be joined at 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1

FABER

became a proper collier. His is a case history in fulfilment. Mining became almost an obsession with him. *Once A Miner* describes his experiences in the pit and nowhere else. It is an intense little book, admirably written in a blunt colloquial style with a strain of almost Biblical seriousness heightened by copious use of mining terms.

Both the two bright young men, though obviously amiable and sympathetic, are disappointing. Mr. Lyttelton, as the first son of a house-master at Eton to turn into a hot trumpeter, ought somehow, you feel, to be a gift. He has had quite varied experiences, in the Guards, abroad, in the Tottenham Court Road. He has plenty of humour and puts the words together nicely. Yet there is something missing from *I Play As I Please*, some essential zest. Perhaps it is that Mr. Lyttelton is only really interested in that infernal hot trumpet; he should have blown his own better. And Mr. Home ought to have written a much better book than *Half-Term Report*, not merely because he is a successful playwright—some successful playwrights can only write dialogue—but because he is obviously quite intelligent and has had a great deal of money spent on his education. His experience is more than usually varied. Besides Eton, Oxford, the stage, the Army, it includes a year in prison for refusing, on grounds of conscience, to obey an order in France. He knows all sorts of nobs. Yet he seems to suffer from some inherent inability to manipulate his ego. He writes in clichés, is now diffident, now facetious, as if it were torture to write about himself at all.

A niece of Nehru and daughter of Mrs. Pandit, Nayantara Saghal, was often separated from her parents by their spells in prison. She seems to have had, nevertheless, an exceedingly happy childhood. *Prison And Chocolate Cake* is a gossamer slight book, in which Gandhi and Nehru make only brief appearances, but it disseminates throughout that birdlike charm and gaiety peculiar to Indian women.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Champions may come and go, but

W. H. SMITH & SON'S BOOKSHOPS

maintain the lead, year after year, all over the country.

OUT OF HELL

Human Behaviour in the Concentration Camp. By ELIE A. COHEN. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Less than ten years since the revolting details were first made known, most of us have forgotten the greatest and most horrible massacre known to history. The Nazis were too cramped in spirit to make much scientific progress, but they mastered the technology of mass extermination and were proud of records which, we can only pray, will stand for all time. In Auschwitz for example, 34,000 human beings were slaughtered and their bodies disposed of in one double shift of twenty-four hours. In Auschwitz too, altogether between 3½ and 4½ million people met their death, among them the entire family of the Dutch physician who has written this book. Nor were these deaths easy, for the type of person who can carry out mass executions is likely to exceed the simple demands of duty. Such a man was Sommer, who in the privacy of his room would crush a prisoner's skull slowly in a vice, shove the body under his bed and fall peacefully asleep. Another was Moll, who enjoyed placing naked women on the edge of the fire-pit and watching them fall into the flames when shot in the abdomen. He would also suspend a man by the hands, shoot at them till the arms parted and then repeat the process with the man's feet. These, however, are mere trimmings to a regime based on starvation, flogging, gassing and garrotting.

You and I were saved from this regime by a minor accident of geography. When we first read of it, we shuddered briefly and forgot, but Dr. Cohen, attempting to understand the nature of his own suffering in Auschwitz and other camps, and the nature of those who made him suffer, has had painfully to re-live three years of torment. Books like this, like Kogon's *Theory and Practice of Hell* and Nansen's *Day After Day* must not, as they lose news-value, be relegated to library basements. They will remain topical, for though the Nazi rule is a fading nightmare, it emerged from European civilization as a whole and we can never completely dissociate ourselves from its rise, or be sure that we have eradicated from the world and from ourselves the things which nourished it. In a deeper way, too, these books will remain relevant in their astonishing revelation of human potentialities for both debasement and nobility. If we are sickened by what Dr. Cohen relates, our faith in man is restored by the compassion, objectivity and complete lack of self-pity with which he relates it.

I have not the honour of knowing Dr. Cohen, but I have met Professor Bondy to whose work and experiences he frequently refers. Dr. Cohen has turned the fruits of atrocious suffering to the service of humanity by making a clinical examination of sadistic motives and reaction to catastrophe; Bondy has returned unembittered to Germany, to employ the experience gained so horribly in teaching the children of those who tortured him. Such men, so selfless, so forgiving and so courageous, have a quality of saintliness which stands out vividly against the grotesque backcloth they describe.

Dr. Cohen's actual account of concentration camp life does not add much to what is already known of the general scene, but it is rich in new and ghastly detail. He does, however, break new ground in his examination of the psychology of both prisoners and S.S. He employs a Freudian approach, and though he unfortunately appears to be unacquainted with the work of Dicks and Fromm, he is particularly interesting in his examination of the conscience of the S.S. guards. The super-ego, he believes, is not an "unchangeable quantity," but may alter in maturity, particularly in an atmosphere like the concentration camp. During the process of alteration there may be strange contradictions, as in the case of the S.S. man who was able to reconcile affectionate behaviour towards wife and children with extreme occupational brutality. (Not all were like this, of course, or remained like this. The practice of violence spreads through the personality, breeding contempt for all humanity.) Dr. Cohen is also extremely good in his account of the prisoners' initial adaptation to catastrophic surroundings. Few of us, save those with the worst P.o.W. experiences, have gone through anything comparable, but I was strongly reminded of the disorientation coupled with anxiety from which many children suffer on first going to a boarding-school. This is not a frivolous sneer at public schools, for Dr. Cohen simply shows us in a dramatic and terrible way how people react when removed from an environment where they belong and matter. In a world in which few people die where they were born and where much neurosis results from the consequent uncertainties, we have to understand these things.

Dr. Cohen suggests a still more cogent lesson, that the Nazi mentality was not indigenous to Germany, but could emerge in any society, his own, for example, if authoritarian concepts of education were adopted. We may argue that "it could never happen here," but all I know is that certain situations can evoke in many people that strange mixture of self-abasement and vindictive brutality which typified the good Nazi. Our democracy is able to neutralise such incidents, but we must accept responsibility for its remaining stable enough to do so.

There is a certain lack of coherence in Dr. Cohen's presentation of his material, and his psychological techniques cannot fully encompass the enormous issues he has tackled—after all, psycho-analysis was developed to deal with individuals, not nations. In fact the pure reporting of a Kogon is sometimes more telling than an effort at interpretation. But this book is an affirmation of human values, if only for the reason that it was written at all, and not to be assessed in normal terms.

ADAM CURLE

BROKEN CISTERNS OR LIVING WATERS?

The Broken Cistern. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. *Cohen & West.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Housman remarked that "Most readers, when they think they are admiring poetry . . . are really admiring not the poetry of the passage before them, but something else in it which they like better than the poetry." I. A. Richards, in *Practical Criticism*, proved that this was so. Now Bonamy Dobrée, in these Clark lectures, argues that poetry nowadays has fewer readers of this sort; and this too, though it cannot be proved, seems very likely. The surprising thing is that he thinks this is a pity. One would think that if the poet no longer has many readers of this sort, he is well rid of them. But Professor Dobrée believes that poetry can be a civilising influence even on people who read poems for something other than their poetry. This is, to say the least of it, highly questionable; for *Practical Criticism* seemed to prove also that if poetry was read in this wrong-headed way it was a debilitating indulgence, not civilising at all.

However, if we admit for the sake of argument that it is worth while appealing to this sort of reader, Professor Dobrée offers to show us how it may be, how it has been, done. He argues that what this reader asks of poetry is in the first place a special kind of subject-matter, what Professor Dobrée calls "public themes"; and the body of the book is devoted to showing how poets of the past have treated of three such themes. These are: Stoicism, considered not as a philosophy among other philosophies but rather as a perennial human attitude; Scientism, that is to say, scientific thought and method as conceived of by the layman; and Patriotism. But it appears that there must be not just a special range of subject-matter, but also a special kind of treatment:

> It may be that the poetry which develops a public theme has to be patently musical, strongly rhythmed, and—this is perhaps the important

point—free of recondite symbol which it needs the schools to elucidate. It tends, I suggest, to be tranquil—at least in the very great poets; it is pellucid, lacking normally the complex density or the dialectic teasing which satisfies contemporary academic demands . . . "metaphysical tension" would impair it; nor is there any call for "wit" in the sense in which the "Schools" have come to use the word.

There are many passages like this, full of veiled hostility to "the schools" and the "academic"; and this is one of the most curious features of a book made up of lectures originally delivered by a don to a university audience. Of course Professor Dobrée ought to know. But if the academic attitude to literature is as he portrays it, it is very shocking. Is it, though? Has the "New Criticism" really got such a stranglehold? Is it not rather the case that much of the poetry Professor Dobrée cites—notably the stoical passages from Sir John Davies, from Chapman, from Jonson—is today appreciated only by academic critics? Was not Chapman, for instance, even in his own day (so far as we can judge), an academic poet? Where is the poetry of terse and memorable statement appreciated or even written today, outside of academic circles? Many academic readers, far from being vowed to "recondite symbol" and "complex density," would want to claim far more than Professor Dobrée does for Sir John Davies, and will be appalled to find him comparing the magnificent terseness of *Nosce Teipsum* with a sob in the throat of the Shropshire Lad.

Professor Dobrée is at his best when he concentrates on the literary history of his three chosen themes, without trying to draw a moral. The two lectures on Scientism fall rather below the standard of the others, if only because the subject requires not two lectures, nor even a volume, but a whole library. Particularly striking, in the chapters on Stoicism, are a suggestion about the relation of Chapman's *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* to Shakespeare's treatment of Stoicism in the figure of Horatio in *Hamlet*; and the discussion of the *Essay on Man*. The chapters on patriotism should be read along with Professor Dobrée's Warton Lecture of 1949 to the British Academy. In eighteenth-century poetry, in particular, the importance of patriotism as a poetic theme has been overlooked. It is all the more necessary to do justice to this, as Professor Dobrée does, because, following the lead of Denham, poets of that period celebrated their country in her role of commercial imperialist; and this is a sort of patriotism with which it is nowadays hard to sympathise. It is very striking how Wordsworth is seen to be of crucial importance in the development of each one of the three themes that are examined; and one reader at least was led to realise that the Wordsworth of public emotions deserves as much interest and nearly as much respect as the Wordsworth of private feelings, and that stoicism is the link between the two.

Professor Dobrée rightly maintains that the historian of literature, when he traces a theme such as stoicism, must treat it in quite a different way from the historian of ideas. The difference is that the literary historian must always acknowledge differences in literary quality. But literary history has never yet set its own house in order in this respect; there is still no general agreement about how, or how far, value-judgments can enter into literary history. Professor Dobrée smuggles them in here and there, with an evasive jauntiness. But he cannot escape the familiar pitfall of seeming to suppose that Mr. Gerald Walker's Festival of Britain prize poem, for instance, is an item worth just as much attention as Mr. Graves's splendid *Certain Mercies*. This, I'm afraid, coupled with the attempt to make things easier for the careless reader, makes it seem as if distinctions and discriminations, established at some pains in the past forty years or so, are here being blurred and abandoned.

DONALD DAVIE

NEW NOVELS

The Night of the Hunter. By DAVIS GRUBB. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A White House. By JEFFERSON YOUNG. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Troubled Midnight. By RODNEY GARLAND. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Joker. By JEAN MALAQUAIS. Translated by HERMA BRIFFAULT. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here is a set of thoughtful and carefully composed novels—one of them may be something more; and having said this, I wish I could go on to say that I had been roused to enthusiasm by them. The sad fact is I haven't, and the reason I haven't is, I believe, that the scenes displayed in these novels have become over-familiar and that the writing, though in every instance accomplished, has very little pressure behind it. The exception—I confess I find it a somewhat doubtful one—is Mr. Grubb's *The Night of the Hunter*. His characters are American poor whites reminiscent of Mr. Erskine Caldwell's cretinous Georgians but transplanted two thousand miles to the north, to the banks of the Ohio River. The story in essence is the stalking of a small boy and his younger sister by a religious psychopath called The Preacher who knows that the children know where their father, who has been executed for murdering a couple of bank cashiers, has hidden the money he ran off with after the double murder. In the course of the stalking The Preacher marries, and murders, their mother.

Mr. Grubb's originality consists in that he has written a fairy story, a fairy story that topples, as such stories often do, into nightmare. His true exemplar is Dickens. At the centre of the novel is the hunted outcast boy John, who, fleeing his persecutor, is finally saved by the intervention of a hick, Betsy Trotwood called Miz Cooper. It is, of course, at once a compliment to Mr. Grubb and most unfair to him to set against him the mighty ghost of Dickens. Yet

hh

ARTHUR KOESTLER'S

The Invisible Writing

'A brilliant and deeply moving record of a whole generation as well as of a remarkable individual.'—*Observer*

Published with Collins *21s. net*

Married to Adventure

JULE MANNIX

The Sword Swallower's wife gives a fascinating account of hunting, rearing and taming animals from vampire bats to cobras, eagles and cheetahs.

3*rd impression* *Illustrated* *16s. net*

Intrigue

CHRISTOPHER VEIEL

A first novel. 'Surprisingly mature. Dialogue excellent, style sophisticated and sprightly.' —*Sunday Times* *12s. 6d. net*

The Third Bullet

JOHN DICKSON CARR

'A master of the detective short story.'— ELLERY QUEEN *10s. 6d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON

SUMMER BOOKS

The Mind of Man

GILBERT HIGHET

This book contains two meditations on the human mind—its powers and limitations, its growth and its destinies. The first of the studies is philosophical, the second historical. Professor Highet's clarity of thought and engaging style make this a stimulating work. *16s. net*

A Spring Journey

and other Poems of 1952–53

JAMES KIRKUP

With his last two books of verse, *The Submerged Village* and *A Correct Compassion*, James Kirkup established himself as an outstanding poet of his generation. *8s. 6d. net*

Paul Valéry and the Civilized Mind

NORMAN SUCKLING

The author's argument is that Paul Valéry (1871-1945) was an eminent modern representative of the civilized mind. He shows how Valéry arrived at a civilized outlook on literature, on philosophy and on life in general. *25s. net.* (Published for the University of Durham).

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

VITAL BOOKS

THE APPROACH TO MARRIAGE 6/6
By E. PARKINSON SMITH
With a Preface by Dr. Maude Royden and Foreword by Cyril Bibby, this new book is intended as a course in Marriage preparation. The author writes frankly on the problems connected with the intimate and everyday problems of married life, and couples who are contemplating marriage will find it contains an immense amount of guidance.

THE PHYSICAL CONTENT OF MARRIAGE 6/6
By E. PARKINSON SMITH
This book seeks to promote a thorough knowledge of the technique of sex and to provide a sound philosophy of the subject against the entire background of married life. Many problems of marital adjustment are treated from a practical and commonsense viewpoint.

LOVE BEFORE MARRIAGE 6/6
By A. V. LEONARD
Considers frankly some of the problems which young people have to face during the period before marriage. The contents include: Religion and Sex Education; Finding a Mate: Courtship and Engagement; The Physical Side of Courtship, etc., etc.

BIRTH CONTROL AND YOU 9/-
By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A.
Providing the most concise and explicit examination of the subject yet published; this book is designed to teach contraception; at the same time it indicates that there are situations where it should not be used. The contents cover the subject in a comprehensive manner and the book is illustrated and includes a list of Family Planning Association Clinics, etc.

NATURE'S OWN BIRTH CONTROL 6/6
By Dr. H. J. GERSTER
This book is more than a survey of the Knaus Theory of Natural Birth Control. It is a comprehensive explanation of the whole background of the subject leading up to its practical application.

LIFE LONG LOVE (Healthy Sex and Marriage) 6/6
By RENNIE MACANDREW
The purpose of this book is to prevent or help solve some of the problems of love in men and women, and to increase human understanding.
"Its great merit consists in its straightforwardness of expression . . . its scientific simplicity. It should prove a very useful text book." *New Statesman and Nation*

WANTED—A CHILD 5/6
By RENNIE MACANDREW
A book to help couples who want children. This book contains a wealth of information in straightforward terms on the intricate subject of Sterility.

All prices include postage.
Obtainable through your bookseller or direct from:—

THE WALES PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 169, 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2
Complete catalogue available on request.

What Prospects for the Labour Party?

'an arresting article by Mr. Donald Chapman who was recently secretary of the Fabian Society' (M. GUARDIAN).

Other features in the July issue of The Political Quarterly (price 7s. 6d.) include Notes and Comments: The Future of the Labour Party, America and Russia by Esmond Wright, The European Inheritance by Noel Annan, The Kashmir Deadlock by Prof. C. H. Alexandrowicz, Local Government: Reorganization or Reform by Henry Maddick, Constitutional Reform in France by Boris Mirkine-Guetzevitch, Survey of French Books by J. P. Mayer, and reviews of recent publications.

THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY, GREAT TURNSTILE, W.C.1

CHINA'S FOREIGN TRADE

A 64-page analysis and guide for the British business man

With eleven appendices on the organisation of Chinese foreign trade, forms of contract, methods of payment, shipping, insurance, inspection, statistics of past trade, etc.

Published by the British Council for the Promotion of International Trade,
15 Hanover Square, London, W.1

PRICE 5/- *(post free)*

the comparison does indicate the limitations of his novel. The Preacher is an excellent grotesque character; but what one feels is lacking all the time is that urgent relevance of the subject to its times which is one of the great Dickensian qualities. Through his waifs, his abandoned, hunted children, Dickens arraigned his age. But Mr. Grubb's novel does not, it seems to me, succeed in being more than an anecdotal fairy-tale about a singularly barbarous community miles off the high road of civilisation.

A White House is a moral fable on the colour problem in the Deep South. Mr. Jefferson Young's Negro hero, Albert Carter, is somewhat reminiscent of that famous hero of Miss Sheila Kaye Smith's who sees a clump of gorse, determines to plough it up and does so after how many years of effort and the ruthless sacrifice of those near him. Albert Carter's ambition is to paint his shack white, an unheard-of audacity in a region where only the *Herrenvolk* have white houses. In the end he fails, because, though he plugs on in his ambition despite the militant hostility of most of his White neighbours, his wife kills the bull-calf the sale of which is to provide the money to buy the paint, kills it in order to protect her husband and family from the consequences of the White man's wrath.

The trouble here, it seems to me, is the inadequacy of the fable as a symbol of the relationship between White and Coloured in the Southern States. Albert Carter is no Lucas Beauchamp; and as a whole I thought the novel, aiming at the pathos of simplicity, had fallen into the sentimentality of what Matthew Arnold in his famous distinction called *simplesse*.

I found *The Troubled Midnight* a bit of a poser. Mr. Garland's hero finds himself quite innocently involved in helping Fontanet and Lockheed to leave the country. Fontanet and Lockheed they strike one immediately as being drawn as completely as possible and in the smallest detail in the images of Messrs. Burgess and Maclean. Mr. Garland's hero, deputed by a branch of the Secret Service suitably housed in the Ministry of Education to go to Paris and bring the erring diplomats back alive, naturally fails, and Fontanet and Lockheed disappear behind the Curtain. But why, one wonders, did Mr. Garland bother to write his novel? It sticks, as I say, as closely as may be to the known facts and more sensible guesses of the Burgess-Maclean mystery; but it throws no new light whatsoever upon it and tells us nothing about it we cannot find out from the newspapers or from Mr. Connolly's little book. What I found especially unpleasant in *The Troubled Midnight* was the quality that for me also marred his previous novel *The Heart in Exile:* a knowingness of a kind impossible for the ordinary reader to check. Here is an instance from this new novel:

> "There are no fewer than six secret services in England at present, all busy screening you, following you, steaming your letters open, listening to your telephone calls, looking into your waste-paper basket. If you can get into the racket, you've got one of the best jobs going. You get well paid for very little work. There's no income tax . . ."

And so on. True, or not true? I have no means of knowing, nor, I imagine, will the overwhelming majority of Mr. Garland's readers. A novelist is not on oath; all the same, if he is writing a serious novel, he has a duty towards truth; he may not play fast and loose with fact. Does Mr. Garland? I do not know; but that the question can arise at all is damaging to his novel, for it suggests that he is more concerned with sensationalism than with truth.

Mr. Malaquais's book is one that I have now read, in one form or another, a score of times. When I read it first, twenty years ago in *The Trial* and *The Castle*, it was enormously exciting. Now it has become, except when written by Kafka himself, an awful bore. A novel such as this, which begins with a man in an anonymous city being penalised for an offence against the city which he is quite ignorant of, losing his wife and finding his flat occupied by strangers and with all evidence of his own tenancy blotted out, has become as predictable from page to page as the dullest of provincial saga novels, and as easy to write. It is now some years since Mr. Anthony Powell wrote his famous couplet—

> It was a summer evening,
> Old Kafka's work was done.

How one wishes it were true.

WALTER ALLEN

KITCHEN LIFE

Food in England. By DOROTHY HARTLEY. *Macdonald. 30s.*

It is now so common to regard domestic life as a problem, something to be solved by shifts and electrical devices, that it comes as a pleasing surprise to open a book which celebrates that life with the enthusiasm of love, and tries to cram between two covers an enormous slice of forgotten knowledge and practice. *Food in England* purports to be a cookery book, but it is not that, in the usual sense, at all. The housewife who consulted it in the hope of finding a neat idea for luncheon would be likely not to cook a meal at all, but to end up, about mid-afternoon, with an excellent idea of the workings of the early Victorian range, the differences between a fish-spit and a poultry-spit, the way to pack a sea-pie into an iron pot, and construct an earth privy. Neither is it, quite, a history of English cooking, nor a treatise on domestic bygones, though in places it is both. It is, rather, an enormous, shapeless, fascinating volume, stuffed with information about traditional country cooking, methods of growing, rearing and preparing farmhouse food and living the laborious, satisfying kitchen life from which all women, excepting only the farmer's wife, have long ago emancipated themselves.

It has nothing to do with the sort of kitchen one sees in up-to-date magazines, more like an operating theatre than anything else, and everything to do with the sort which has a flagged floor and a game larder, a pail of mash in the corner for the hens, and a pig not far off. So it is not much practical use, perhaps, to a generation which lives on Frood and Swiss rolls, and thinks of pork pie as something which comes from the grocer: but to the reader who has ever been exposed in youth to the poetry of a northern farmhouse kitchen, and can still yearn for its rigours, comforts and good smells, it is a rambling and rewarding encyclopædia.

Miss Hartley frankly prefers English food to foreign, as many of us secretly do; her soul is moved by a roast, a raised pie or a dumpling, and not at all by cooking with oil or wine. What does she mean by English food? Not, fortunately, fried fish and chips brought home in a fat-sodden newspaper, nor cereals and sardines consumed in a lonely bed-sitter, nor fish-paste and margarine for tea, with a nice "shape" to follow. She means the whole range of working-class *country* food, with its background of farmyard, pigsty and garden, and her recipes are of the kind that make one extremely hungry.

I have called this a shapeless book, and it is. You will be hunting through the vegetable section and will come on a pleasant disquisition on eighteenth-century coaching inns and their catering: the chapter on fungi leads straight into one on Elizabethan housewifery: *Pies, Puddings, Pastries, Cakes* lies cheek by jowl with *The Industrial Revolution:* the chapter on eggs precedes another on *Medieval Feast and Famine*. It has none of the homogeneity of the Drummonds' excellent work on *The Englishman's Food* (surely the most absorbing volume ever produced on this subject, though not mentioned in the bibliography); it is a huge scrapbook, well furnished with clear and loving drawings by the author, in which she has collected, like a zestful magpie, the results of a lifetime's practical interest in old-fashioned country food and cooking methods. The section on meat is an education in itself, beginning with the pig, the cow and the sheep, their different breeds and virtues, and working through cuts, joints and methods of cooking, from spit-roasting

an animal whole down to preparing a dish of sheep's trotters for a football tea. Armed with this knowledge, even an urban housewife should be able to argue with the butcher, nowadays so fond of pretending that sirloin has no undercut and loin of lamb no kidney. A country housewife will find it an invaluable guide and repository for the sort of handed-down knowledge that nowadays is so easily forgotten or lost.

Except that it is a little heavy, it is an ideal bedside book, full of small and thought-provoking scraps of information. Am I the only person who always thought a ham-frill was a decoration? Now I know it is the old carver's hand-grip, and am using it, to my great comfort, accordingly. I have discovered, too, why a pewter tankard feels unpleasantly warm to the lip when filled with cold beer: the mugs should be kept in the cool cellar, at the same temperature. I now know how to cut the pastry for a "checky pig," and could (referring to the diagrams) form a cottage, cob, coburg, punch or chapel loaf. This is the kind of knowledge from which our times and urban habits have cut us off. It is not always useful, but it is comforting to have, and puts us back in touch with that old, busy, powerful domestic world from which women have so successfully disengaged themselves, to their psychological loss.

It is perhaps disobliging to complain of the bibliography in so individual and unprofessional a book, but complain one must, for the subject matter is often so absorbing that one longs to pursue some item to its source, and the bibliography is too sketchy to be really useful.

MARGARET LANE

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE first recorded issue in this country of Mahler's Seventh Symphony (**N. 2 discs) will be an occasion for interest in many quarters and enthusiasm in a few. The Adagio introduction to the opening Allegro is among Mahler's most impressive pieces of rhetoric, but the chief material of this very long movement seems to me substantially inadequate. In between this laboured movement and the Rondo Finale we find two "Night Pieces" separated by a Scherzo in Mahler's favourite Ländler rhythm. The Night Pieces, which are often played by themselves and enjoy a measure of popularity not accorded to the symphony as a whole, display few of the qualities usually associated with a Nocturne. The second is a kind of Serenade and the first, which is more imaginative, has a vaguely military character that reminds us strongly of similar numbers in Mahler's *Knaben Wunderhorn* songs. Indeed, throughout the symphony, with its prevailing march rhythm, the composer seems to be returning for inspiration to the mood of those haunting and most original songs—in especial, perhaps, to that of *Der Schildwache Nachtlied*. The Seventh Symphony is essentially a work for those already enamoured of Mahler's music, who will find in it many strokes of his fantastic imagination, as well as some outstanding examples of his curious and individual scoring, and who will not be put off by the inordinate length of the outlying movements, the occasional cheapness of the themes, and the vulgarity of the Finale. The performance is impressively well rehearsed, the recording in the highest degree vivid and faithful. I wish I could say as much for the new issue of the same composer's No. 9 (V. 2 discs), which is by general consent a finer work than No. 7. Even if the set were not put out of court by the appalling surface of side 1, the crudity of the performance, and Horenstein's apparent unawareness that both the form and the scoring of the first movement constitute problems, would make the set an expensive buy, for the sake of the middle movements, which are relatively (but only relatively) well played. The recording, moreover, is awkward and unpleasing. Another version of this work, by the Israel Symphony Orchestra under Paul Kletzki, has been announced by Columbia. It will indeed be unfortunate if this is not better than the Vox issue.

Since writing enthusiastically about the Brunswick version of Liszt's *Dante Symphony* another, and distinctly preferable, version has emerged from the Colonne Orchestra under Georges Sébastian (**N.). The poetic woodwind imitations, which occur in the central section of the first movement and throughout the second, are more subtly phrased and more beautiful in tone than in the American performance, and the choral Finale is more spaciously recorded. Liszt enthusiasts will also be glad to hear that four of the symphonic poems—*Les Préludes, Hunnenschlacht, Orpheus* and *Mazeppa*—have been recorded by a body calling itself the "Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London" under Dean Dixon (*N.). This conductor, who made rather a poor job of Dvorak's Cello Concerto, seems more at home in Liszt: these are confident, at times thrilling, performances and the recording, if not first rate, is very competent. We must hope that this is only the first disc of a set comprising the entire series of Liszt's symphonic poems; otherwise, we might reasonably complain that we do not want yet another *Les Préludes*, and that *Hamlet* or *Die Ideale* would have been a better choice than *Mazeppa*, which is something of a bore. Also Lisztian, in the best sense, César Franck's *Les Djinns*, a short piece for piano and orchestra based on a poem by Victor Hugo, comes to us in an excellent issue (*N.) played by Annie d'Arco and the Colonne Orchestra. The concertante piano part, which makes imaginative use of the upper register of the instrument, is delicately and scintillatingly played. This mysteriously compelling piece, which grows on the listener with each hearing, is coupled with the best available version of that amusing piece, Saint-Saëns' *Carnival of Animals*.

The Badura-Skoda issue of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto (*N.) emphasises the lyrical aspects of the work—sometimes to the point of affectation and always at the expense of the grandeur that is an integral part of the concerto. In II, however, he sustains a very slow tempo remarkably well, obtaining a sense of mystery that is a contribution to the various interpretations of the movement. I have seldom heard the theme of the Finale more clearly and confidently announced, and throughout the movement the rhythm is admirably springy. Still, I believe most readers will continue to prefer the Fischer version (*H.M.V.), for Furtwängler's conducting has more majesty and attack than Scherchen's, and the recording more resonance. Despite a sleepy Finale, the Backhaus version of Brahms's Second Piano Concerto (**D.) gives a far more authentic account of the work than the new Rubinstein disc (H.M.V.), which will come as a disappointment to those who remember his splendid old SP set. Gone the grace and elegance of phrasing; gone, too, the sheer beauty of sound. The new performance is obdurately heavy, the piano tone shallow, and orchestra furry and unreal. Highly recommended: Debussy: *Jeux-Poème dansé; Six Epigraphes Antiques* (Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet. **D.).

Recent harpsichord issues have varied widely in the quality of the sound produced which makes me suspect that engineers have difficulty with the timbre of the instrument. Thus Wanda Landowska's latest recording of Bach's *Goldberg Variations* (*H.M.V.) is an exciting experience; but, although there is no distortion of the usual kind, the monotonous loudness of the tone suggests over-amplification, and the pitch is not absolutely steady. The disc imposes itself, none the less, for this encyclopædic work finds Mme Landowska's magisterial technique unimpaired and some of the more brilliant variations (*e.g.*, No. 14) are intoxicating to follow. She allows herself an occasional licence with the text, but these modifications are so clever and musicianly that few people will be found to object to them. Much more comfortably recorded, George Malcolm's collection of sixteen Scarlatti Sonatas (**D.) many of them unfamiliar even to amateurs of the composer, is one of the most delightful discs that have appeared for a long time. Mr. Malcolm's technique is glittering and his regis-

FORM & REFORM IN ARCHITECTURE

by Bertram Hume

An architect discusses the theory of design and the ideas most influential in architecture for the last 100 years, leading up to a scrutiny of Le Corbusier. A stimulating guide through the labyrinth of conflicting theories. 32 drawings to the point by the author. 15s.

NORTHERN INDIAN MUSIC: VOL. II, THE MAIN RAGAS

by Alain Daniélou

In this volume of the standard work 40 typical Ragas (modes) are analysed and transcribed in Indian and Staff notation. A Sanskrit poem with English translation depicts the atmosphere of each. Discography. *Under the auspices of UNESCO.* 30s.

available: Vol. I: History, Theory and Technique, 25s.

from any good bookshop

HALCYON PRESS
5 Blenheim Road, Barnet, Herts.

COLLET'S

Fascinating glimpses of the cultural renaissance now sweeping through China.

FOLK ARTS of New China

Music . Dance . Drama . Paper-cuts Puppets . Song . Arts and Crafts . Literature

25 PAGES OF PLATES

including 10 in colour and numerous paper-cuts and drawings.

PRICE 2/-. ★ POST 9d.

Now available again!

The White-Haired Girl

The full libretto of this famous contemporary Chinese opera, complete with musical score for three songs.

PRICE 1/9d. ★ POST 6d.

Order from any bookseller or

COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS
44 & 45, Museum St., London, W.C.1

tration most expressive. Readers who found Fernando Valenti's style too much of a good thing, are quite sure to enjoy this record.

The complete *Fidelio* (*HMV, 3 discs) has many faults, but leaves an abiding impression of grandeur. The Pizarro (Edelmann) does not sound wicked and delivers "Ha! Welch' ein Augenblick" without urgency. Sena Jurinac, as Marcelline, sings the notes beautifully but is much too "straight," and the Florestan (Windgassen) fails to arouse our sympathy for his plight. Nearly all Furtwängler's tempi (especially in scene 1) are too slow, so that, in one way or another, we miss the passion and drama of this profound opera. The spoken dialogue is omitted altogether (except in Act 2, scene 1). This was surely a mistake, for many of the numbers are not intended to follow on each other's heels; for instance, the quartet in the first scene is sung immediately after Marcelline's aria and we are not even aware—until we hear her singing—that Leonora has made her first entrance. To offset all this we have a more than adequate Leonora (Mödl), a splendid Rocco (Frick), who packs every line with meaning, a generally good ensemble (though the prisoners sound too healthy), and a nobly musical account of the score from the Vienna Philharmonic. The opera is preceded by the Fidelio Overture, and Leonora No. 3 is played (following the mistaken custom instituted by Mahler) between the two scenes of Act 2 (but of course we need not play it like this, if we don't want to). The recording is good, though not so good as to make us forget the presence of the gramophone. In the complete set of Smetana's *Bartered Bride* (**S., 3 discs) the orchestral vividness and precision of attack are miraculous. Not all the singing is on the highest level, but such are the humour, high spirits and authenticity of the performance that at any rate one listener was completely carried away. I wish I could say the same of Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* (N. 3 discs). This enormous machine is, of course, historically important, and it contains many passages of sumptuous Wagnerian beauty; but much of the work is appallingly sentimental—a fault aggravated by gross over-scoring and by René Leibowitz's sluggish tempi and emphatically solemn conception. The singing is patchy: Richard Lewis makes an excellent impression as Waldemar, but Ethel Semser is a fussy and unmoving Tove. The more lightly scored passages sound well, but the tuttis are muddy and the strings constantly overwhelmed by the brass and woodwind. Specialists will find the set quite serviceable, but it is not recommended to music-lovers in general.

Three issues by the Nadia Boulanger ensemble (*B.) are sure of a warm welcome. One contains vocal music by Monteverdi (all different from that included in the pre-war SP album), the second a charming selection of French Renaissance music, the third an abbreviated performance of Marc-Antoine Charpentier's opera, *Médée*. The singing, if not quite so good as that of the pre-war ensemble, is beautifully rehearsed and always agreeable. Amateurs of *musica antiqua* will also be glad to possess three cantatas by Buxtehude (*V.): *Erbarm dich mein; Fürwahr, er trug unsere Krankheit;* and *Befiehl dem Engel*. The Hamburg performances are authoritative, with admirable work from the choir and some tranquil, steady singing from Margot Guilleaume that is a continual delight. The recording of the first cantata is not well balanced, but elsewhere there is little to complain of. Haydn's *Heiligmesse* in B flat, performed by a Danish ensemble under the capable direction of Mogens Wöldike (*P.), begins rather conventionally; but from the *Credo* onwards the predominantly contrapuntal music (this is very late Haydn) is never less than interesting and often engrossing. The contrast between the innocent, limpid voices of the boys' choir and the grave, dark tone of the men, is very striking, and the recording, though a shade confined, is otherwise well managed.

Neither of the new issues of Fauré's exquisite *Requiem* is really satisfactory: in the Capitol disc the Roger Wagner Chorale give a gentle and touching account of the work, but the recording is dry and much detail is lost. The Columbia version, a French performance under André Cluytens, is much too resonant, so that the texture keeps on furring up. Discophiles are advised to wait for another recording, but if they cannot bear to do this, the Capitol discs will probably cause them less disappointment than the Columbia. Another Fauré issue (**D.), the song cycle, *La Chanson d'Eve*, coupled with Milhaud's early and very beautiful *Poèmes juifs*, has given me unadulterated pleasure. The Fauré is a very late work and possibly, after *La Bonne Chanson*, the most successful of his song cycles; Irma Kolassi sings with real understanding and beautiful tone, and the recording is well balanced.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Company Meeting

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

RECORD SALES

The twenty-fifth ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps, Ltd., was held on July 6 in London.

Mr. Fermian Le Neve-Foster, chairman, in the course of his speech, said: Once again your directors are able to present an excellent report. It has been a year of further progress and development.

The net Group Profit, after taxation, comes out at the satisfactory sum of £141,575, as against £105,715 last year.

The appreciable increase in profits is not attributable to any increase in profit margins per tin but solely to the heavy increase in sales of our products which we have been able to achieve under the conditions which now obtain of freer and more liberal supplies of materials of the quality we need. Our net margin of profit before taxation is appreciably less than ¼d per packet.

The volume of production and sales constitutes an all-time record in the history of the company and the turnover has now reached a rate appreciably over £3,000,000 per annum. This involves the manufacture and distribution throughout the country of approaching 400 million packets of crisps per annum, a rate approximating to 8 million per week. I imagine that few, if any, packet food products can approach this record.

It is proposed to maintain the same rate of final dividend of 20 per cent, plus a cash bonus of 5 per cent, making a total of 32½ per cent, and thus maintaining the record for the 16 previous years. Our product seems unique in the unlimited variety of its outlets. Wherever food is served or sold, Smith's Crisps will be found. You hear it said in all places, "There are no Crisps like Smith's."

I feel that shareholders have every reason to be confident that this company will continue to give a good account of itself and maintain, and indeed, strengthen its dominating position.

The report was adopted and the proposed capitalisation of reserves was approved.

CONTINENTAL
AND INTERNATIONAL
FILM REVIEW
July issue now on sale. **16d.**
19 exclusive features. Splendidly illustrated.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The latest Everymans incluae the new compilation of *Napoleon's Letters* made by J. M. Thompson, who has also translated and annotated the three hundred letters which are "a potent bottle distilled out of this great lake" of Napoleon's total correspondence. Other additions to the series are Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* (2 vols.), Berkeley's *New Theory of Vision*, E. R. Hughes's compilation of *Chinese Philosophy in Classical Times*, A. J. Arberry's anthology of *Persian Poems*, J. M. Synge's *Plays, Poems and Prose*, Dicken's *Hard Times* with Chesterton's introduction, Daudet's *Tartarin* (both *Tarascon* and *On the Alps*)—all these from Dent at 6*s*. each voume; at 7*s*. are a volume of Carlyle—*Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero-Worship*—Calderon's *Life in Mexico*, and Aldous Huxley's *Stories, Essays and Poems*; while Huxley's *Themes and Variations* has been added to the Chatto & Windus collected edition (8*s*. 6*d*.).

Two new World's Classics are W. Butler-Bowdon's modern version of *The Book of Margery Kempe* (5*s*.) and William De Morgan's *Joseph Vance* (8*s*. 6*d*.). F. Yeats-Brown's *Bengal Lancer* has been reprinted in Dobson's Twentieth Century Classics (7*s*. 6*d*.); Cape's offer a revised version of Clough and Amabel Williams-Ellis's *Pleasures of Architecture* (16*s*.)

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,272

Set by Guy Walsingham

"Have you forgotten what an improbable fantastic world awaits you at the Zoo?" asks a London Transport advertisement: "How extravagantly elegant the giraffe is, how impossibly striped the zebra? Unsteady waiters line the penguin pool at feeding time. Dignified but secretly exhibitionistic bears lovingly devour ice-cream." From another poster we learn that "London's cathedrals are windows through which to see the fabric of her history. Her famous dead here rest in stone and carved memorial, islanded in time against the urgency of her busy streets." Readers are invited to concoct, in L.T.E. prose, equally enticing descriptions of the Athenaeum, the Old Bailey, Billingsgate, the British Museum Reading Room, Sotheby's, or Covent Garden on a *Ring* night. Limit 75 words. Entries by July 20.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,269

Set by Hilbrian

The usual prizes are offered for a verse comment—epigrammatic or Betjemanesque—on the fact that an 1830 gasometer at Fulham has been listed as an ancient monument. Limit 16 lines.

Report by Hilbrian

"The Fulham Phototheke or Gas-o-meter" sang one bard; "this stinking canister" responded another. The Betjemanites had it in number over the epigrammatists, but only a few struck the real right note. D. W. Barker had a good idea in his Gasologist's Excursion:

> Hark, what's that the Vicar's shouting?
> "A gem, pray note the western side."
> Oh isn't this a lovely outing!
> How wise to bring my Little Guide.
> "*Early William, Mudge designed it,*
> *Cf. his later work at Crewe. . . .*"

and W. P. B. began splendidly:

> Splendour falls on Fulham Gasworks! Now awa't
> Sir David's nod
> Grand emporia, halls of commerce, shrines of Baal
> the pseudo-god,
> Gastronomic temples, palais (where precipitately
> twirl
> Joyless couples, foot it featly Teddy Boy and
> Teddy Girl)
> And the knight in dusty armour in the courtyard
> at the Pearl. . . .

but strayed rather too far from Fulham in his second stanza. I liked Harold Murray's opening—

> "Stone me!" said Stonehenge stonily.
> From the British Museum—a glower;
> "Gas me!" from a stunned Westminster;
> "Struck dumb!" from the Bloody Tower;
> "Thorny subject," from Glastonbury. . . .

but his poem as a whole was not quite what was asked for. First prize of three guineas to Peter Clarke who rose magnificently to the Betjemanesque possibilities of the occasion; a guinea each to Stanley J. Sharpless, to P. M., and to Alberick who most neatly exploited the obvious epigrammatic point of "the debt of politics to gas," as Allan M. Laing put it. Runner-up: D. W. Barker. Honourable mention: W. P. B., Harold Murray, D. R. Peddy—

> You furnished gaslight for Victorian Fannys;
> Provided heat for joints of great-great-grannies—

and P. G. Dennis—

> What Jones designed thy dreadful dome?
> What Wren gave thee an air of home?

FULHAM BY GASLIGHT

(Tune: " Bright the Vision that delighted. . . .")
" I love gas-light and suburbs."—J. Betjeman

1854

Radiant gas in Craven Cottage, flares on Eel Brook Common glowed;
Hissed the jets from Bishop's Palace to St. Thomas, Rylston Road*.
Oh! The cabbage-laden wagons rumbling up to London town.
Oh! The shapely green gas-holder, wobbling gently up and down!

1944

Gone, the fields and *Cottages Ornés* 'neath the surge of Walham Green.
Gone, the great Imperial Gas Works, built when Adelaide was Queen.
Lone, the Baths of Deighton Pearson! Lost amid the red-brick swell
Churches by Sir Arthur Blomfield *Kunstgeschichters* know so well!

1954

Happy Borough! Future Ruskins of your monuments will write
Now at last a Whitehall planster's seen the architectural light.
Happy shades of Webb and Morris†! See preserved the well-loved shape
Rusting in the old tradition of the school of 'anti-scrape'!

* By Pugin.
† Philip Webb and William Morris, founders of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings.

PETER CLARKE

Bloody revolution on the Continent of Europe!
Poor Mr. Huskisson run over by a train!
Year of bliss for John and Maud, who set up house at Fulham,
("A villa with a view," as they delighted to explain).

By the window after tea the happy pair would linger,
John's proprietorial arm around his bright-eyed lass,
Gazing at the newly risen tracery of girders
Encompassing a million cubic feet or so of gas.

Towering to the zenith when the great retorts were stoked up,
Shrinking after dusk with all the parlour jets ablaze,
The systole, diastole, of their stupendous neighbour
Set the gentle rhythm of their uneventful days.

Sixty gas-lit years—and then they doffed their earthly mantles,
Sought that Higher Fulham where no threat of parting lurks,
Now they're glad to see the friend that lit their way to heaven
Saved and safe for aye c/o the Ministry of Works.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

TO THE FULHAM GASOMETER

No more puffed up by youth and consequence
I stand, like you, out-moded and out-dated
Clasping a middle-aged circumference—
" Just an old gas-bag " quite, oh quite, deflated.

Yet we have served our purpose you and I:
We fostered Light and may with honour rust.
Now gaze we patiently into the sky
And in our final Preservation, trust.

P. M.

Our Member has of late been made a Lord,
Because, 'tis said, his flow of words is spent.
Empty of gas, unlovely, *your* reward
Is to become an Ancient Monument.

ALBERICK

CHESS: Morphy Wouldn't Let Him

No. 249

When asked, after his match against Morphy, why he hadn't played as brilliantly as usual, Anderssen simply said: " He wouldn't let me." A profound truth, indicating the limitations of anybody's " brilliancy," even Morphy's own. For it is most significant that his more spectacular coups were almost invariably scored in skittles against very inferior players, while most of his relatively few match-games against masters were as " positional " as one would expect; and to say this means emphasising his genius rather than belittling it. Morphy died 70 years ago this very day; he was only 47, but during the last 25 years of his life he hardly touched a chessboard, and when Steinitz came to pay his respects he would only see him on condition that Chess was not mentioned. Was he bored by inferior opponents and hence reluctant to meet those who may well have been his equals? Or was he vexed to the point of insanity by people adulating his prowess at Chess and thwarting his ambitions as a lawyer? We can never be quite sure. Rather than reprint his celebrated games against Paulsen, Bird, the Duke of Brunswick or others of his " classics," I offer a lesser known position reached in his third match-game against Mongredien, President of the London Chess Club. After some fairly sound play the Londoner had rather the better of it, and could have consolidated his advantage by Kt-K6. He was too eager, though, to recapture his P, thus giving Morphy a chance he did not fail to grasp.

(42)	B x P?	B-Kt5	(47)	Q-Q4	B-Q3!
(43)	R-Q1	R-B6!	(48)	Q x R	P-Q5
(44)	Q-Q4	Q-R5	(49)	Q x QP	B x Kt!
(45)	R-KKt1	R-Kt2	(50)	K-Kt2	P-K6 ch
(46)	Q-K5	R-K2	(51)	resigns	

To show his prowess at endgames here is a position Morphy (Black) reached in his fifth match-game against Harrwitz:

(41)		R-QB6
(42)	B-B3!	K-B2!
(43)	R-K4	B-B1
(44)	B-K2	B-B4
(45)	R-Q4	P-R4!
(46)	K-B2	K-B3
(47)	R-Q2	B-B7!
(48)	K-K1	B-K5

A: Paul Morphy 1857

(49)	K-B2	K-B4
(50)	R-R2	P-R5!
(51)	P x P	K x P
(52)	R-R7	R-KR6
(53)	R x P	R-R7 ch
(54)	K-K1	K-K6
(55)	resigns	

The 4-pointer for beginners is a famous coup of Morphy's. How did he force White's resignation by one spectacular move? **B** and **C** are wins for White, and none too easy for 6 and 7 points respectively.

B: O. Duras 1905

C: Weenink 1925

Usual prizes. Entries by July 19.

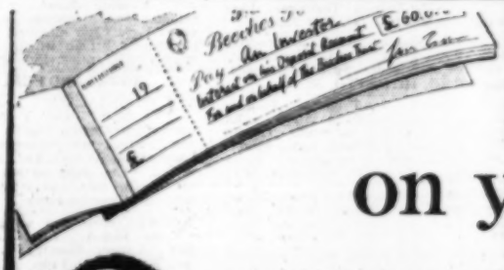
REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 246. Set June 19

A: (1) Q-QB4 ch. R-B2. (2) B-Kt7, K x B. (3) Q-Q4 ch., K-Kt1. (4) Q-Q8 ch., R-B1. (5) Q-Q5 ch., R-B2. (6) K-R6, P-KKt6. (7) Q-Q8 ch., R-B1. (8) Q-K7, R-B2. (9) Q-KKt 5 ch., K-R1. (10) Q-Q8 ch., R-B1. (11) Q x R mate.
B: (1) Kt-B5 ch., K-K6. (2) Kt-Q7, B-R4. (3) Kt-B6, B-Q1. (4) Kt-Q5 ch., etc.
If (1) . K-Q5. (2) Kt-Q7 ! (*not* Kt-K6 ch.).
C: (1) B-B3 !, Kt-R7 ch. (2) K-R5, Kt x B. (3) P-B7, P queens. (4) P queens ch., K any. (5) Q x P ch., etc.

In B, alas, the P on h6 while properly posted in the proofs jumped to g7 in the finished article (and stood on his head too). Naturally, this will not count in the ladder, even though some competitors shrewdly guessed the proper place of the wayward pawn. J. C. Cock even got the solution right and since he doesn't get his well-earned 6 points for it he certainly deserves to share the prizes with C. H. Brown, E. W. Carmichael, A. E. Harris.

ASSIAC



on your account!

6%

INTEREST ON WITHDRAWABLE DEPOSITS

Interest paid on Deposit Accounts,
Easy Withdrawals, Complete Security

Write for Brochure: The Secretary, Banking Dept. 'G.'

THE BEECHES TRUST LTD.,
25, WHITEHALL, LONDON, S.W.1

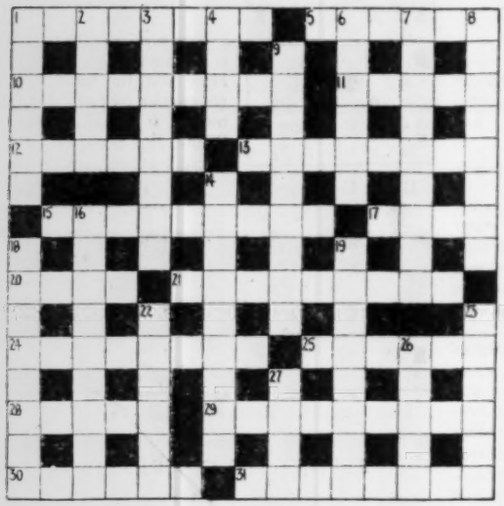
ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE
Wansfell Residential College for Adults,
Theydon Bois, Epping, Essex.

Week-end and longer courses on Public Affairs and Cultural Activities
Apply to The Warden for new list of courses

EUROPEAN RADIO
FRIDAYS at 6 — B'KSTALLS ETC.
PROGRAMME DETAILS OF 20 RADIO STATIONS
Broadcasts from Continental Music Festivals
JULY—AIX-EN-PROVENCE

Week-end Crossword No. 108

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 108, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 20



ACROSS

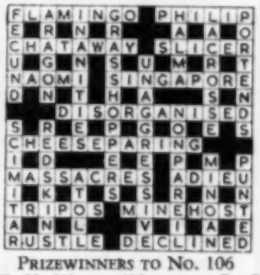
1. Subject which is just so in school (8).
5. Brass plate with a medico in the middle (6).
10. Bully the clever after school (9).
11. A fainting fit with the centre court (5).
12. The play is over, but the inventor comes back (6).
13. Fine material makes part of the body fade away (8).
15. Observers of the letter keep a roll among members (9).
17. The oriental may be recognised in that he has short hair (4).
20. Otherwise inside a concentration camp (4).
21. Return a small island with tiny revised ceremony (9).
24. They last changed intending to escape notice (8).
25. Looking rather cold, although apparent warmth surrounds me (6).
28. Put on, protected without a soft front (6).
29. Corporal caught among the old enemy; they can cut supplies off (9).
30. The detective story writer is a philosopher at heart (6).
31. Interpret by means of counters (8).

DOWN

1. Fowl from a river in tins (6).
2. Land for fine services taking the monarch to its heart (5).
3. The kind of race to put the rising sea in control (8).
4. Successful hit for nothing in the competition (4).
6. Converted my sane disciple (6).
7. Red under the lash (9).
8. Fish above the lake and you get underclothing (8).
9. Those about to wed may be hotter in the marriage place (9).
14. Knight goes up, embracing the great tennis player, and bounds back (9).
16. Trade is ruined in a slack holiday (9).
18. Those who stressed teaching the truth may be converted to praise the *New Statesman* (8).
19. A repository of oriental wisdom starts with a drink (8)
22. It is powerless in the air (6).
23. "—— to her husband, frank to all beside" (Pope) (6).
26. Suffer at the start of the invasion (5).
27. In an Irishman this work makes a lover of his country (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 106



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 106

W. H. Victory (*Newport*), *D. S. Mackenzie* (*Aberlour*), *Mrs. A. Bernard* (*London, N.5*).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

LLEDR Valley, nr. Betws-y-Coed. Ty Llwyd Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, N. Wales, offers enjoyable hols. to country lovers. Ideal walking, motoring, fishing. Din., bd., bkfst 5gns. Dolwyddelan 241.

THOSE wishing enjoyable September holiday with congenial fellow-guests should write for informative brochures (illus.). Vacs. 5½-7½gns., incl. full board, gratuities, early tea, etc. Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands. Two lounges. Meat/vegetarian. Rec. by readers, Normanhurst P/Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile prom., facing full S., nr. Pier/Sun-Lounge orchestras. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

CROMER, sunspot of the Norfolk coast. Comf. family hotel, good food, children welcome. Res. proprietress, 6½-7gns. p.w. St. Rhadegunds, Vicarage Rd. Tel. 250811.

N. CORNWALL coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel 272.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in a hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London. 6½gns. p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

IDEAL Holiday Caravan Park and Club House in private estate facing sea; Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkstone 3462.

DORSET. The Court Hotel, Charmouth, offers ideal holiday accommodation. Reduced terms Oct. to May for residents.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5gns. wk. Summer 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

PORLOCK, Somerset. Halsecombe House, between Exmoor & sea. Friendly Guest House. Good country fare. Garage. Stabling. Pers. attn. Mr. & Mrs Holmes. Tel. 209.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5-6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penraillt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village). Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7gns. Tel. 286.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall. 5-5½gns. Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 9216.

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

KINGSDOWN-on-Sea, Nr. Deal, Kent. Blencathra Guest House (R.A.C. Approved), overlkg. golf course, sea; gd. food, own poultry, v. comf. 7gns. Kingsdown 225.

VENTNOR, Isle of Wight, guests welcome. Steephill Beacon, the house with tone, on cliffs, gates to beach, magnificent scenery, everything of the best, moderate terms; write for brochure.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comf. living quarters. Farm prod. El. light, log fires. C.H.W. 60 acres. 5½gns. wkly. Rushlake Green 32111.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

KENT XVth century farmhouse in wooded Downs with orchard & meadows. Ideal walking country. Full board £5 wk. Elmsted 353. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

WIDELY-travelled gentleman personally recommends first-class hotel, Italian Dolomites. Excellent food. Special terms off-season periods. Box 9392.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Rest. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

MAJORCA: Sm. family pension nr. sea. French cuisine, running h. & c. in bedrms., every comf. Highly recom. by Engl. visitors. July-Sept. 14s. day; Oct.-June 12s. No extras. Pension Comercio, Söller.

BELGIAN Coast: Priv. hotel with glorious sands welcomes British visitors. Homely, family atmosph.; best food; really restful holiday. Mod. terms. "Les Mouettes," Digue de Mer, 6, Wenduine. (10 mls. Ostende.)

"TO be my constant companion on every journey by road henceforth. Could any secular book be more precious?" John Connell, Evening News. "The Good Food Guide, 1954," contains recommendations by Good Food Club members of over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Published by Cassell, 5s.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"'COLONIALISM' is doubly a word of doom," says Tom Driberg, in his foreword to Cheddi Jagan's "Forbidden Freedom," which was published on Thursday by Lawrence & Wishart, Ltd., 81 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. The cheap edition is 3s. 6d. (library edition 7s. 6d.) and it can be bought or ordered at any bookshop.

NEWLY-discovered writings by Lenin on the U.S.A. First Translation in the July "Labour Monthly." Also: R.P.D. on the Washington Talks. 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half year's sub. from 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

CRANKS are necessary to drive most movements—motors or ideas. Electrify your motors with a starter, electrify your ideas with "The Farmer." This revolutionary magazine is read by all the best cranks from Timbuktoo to Kalamazoo. For only 10 bob a year you too can anticipate the 21st century. The cranks of to-day are the orthodox of tomorrow. 2s. 6d. a copy or 10s. a year brings tomorrow to you today in "The Farmer," Ferne Farm, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

"EAST-WEST Commerce" — monthly newsletter providing factual information on trade and trading possibilities with countries of Eastern Europe and China. £5 5s. per annum, or £2 12s. 6d. for trial period of six months. Foreign Correspondents, Ltd., 45 Dorset Street, W.1.

"GOOD Eating": The new monthly illustrated magazine for and about good food and drinks. First issue August, on sale July 15, 1s. 6d. per copy. From all newsagents or write to 167 Strand, London, W.C.2

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

RESEARCH Communications: 4th Paper & Bulletin (incl. "Sex in the West") available now from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"IN Defence of European Peace," a reply to the defence of German Rearmament by Ben Parkin, M.P., 4d. (postage 1½d. extra). Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1. Publ. July 5.

"THE Prince Philip Story" in the current issue of "Reader's Review" raises a question that only you can answer. From newsagents, or 1s. 9d. post free from 140 Salisbury Square House E.C.4.

FRENCH Theatrical Periodicals supplied direct by post: "Arts et Spectacles," "Comoedia," "Paris-Théâtre," "L'Avant Scène," "Le Conservatoire," "Théâtre Populaire," Jean-Louis Barrault's "Cahiers." Write Miss Short, Cranleigh, Henwood Grn. Rd., Pembury, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

THE literature of Social-Economic Movements, and private libraries bought. Lists free to overseas N.S. readers. Hammersmith Bkshop., Beadon Rd. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

"THE King of Schnorrers," by Israel Zangwill, with 44 ill., 12s. 6d., is now available from: H. Pordes, 138 New Cavendish St., W.1. MUS. 5250.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA 3012.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½d. stamp. Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

ENVELOPES, 1,000 6×3½, Buff 12s. Warson, 7 Newton Avenue, N.10.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, Dept. N/N, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

SCHOOLS

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies available for day pupils and two boarders.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Resint. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

CHARMING Bijou Guest House with private garden, within 10 mins. of the West End. Resident Housekeeper. Bed & breakfast (other meals optional), students sharing from £2 10s. per week. Doubles from £4 10s. per week. Apply Managing Agents, E.K. House, 66 Queensway, W.2. BAY. 2989.

LARGE double divan-bed-sitting room. H. & C., own meter and cooker. Woodford area. 'Phone Snaresbrook 2652.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

LARGE bed-sitting room, cooker; 10 mins. centre. CUN. 6959 evenings.

ST. John's Wood. Furn. dble. bedrm., lounge, kit.-dining rm.; bathrm. Ascots, Hurseal H., garden. Own phone. PRI. 1075.

QUIET bed-sit., ground floor private house Chelsea, near Sloane Sq., 66s. inclusive service, baths, light, heat, good breakfast. Very comfortably furn., suit business man. FLA. 1050 before 10 or after 6.

GRADUATE (f.) offers small self-contained furn. flat London summer vac., possibility of sharing later. Box 9186.

TO let: Bed-sitting room with cooking. Suit lady. PRI. 2843 after 7 p.m.

DIVAN-rooms, basins, kitchen, constant h.w. Everything supplied. 1 min. Tube Bakerloo, 15 min. Piccadilly. WIL. 3006.

GOLDERS Green, comf. div.-sit.-rm., cv. conv., priv. house, garden. SPE. 8756.

DOUBLE furn. divan-room, service, linen, constant hot, use 'phone, ckg. facils. Slade, 27 Howitt Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 8291. Opp. Belsize Park Tube.

FURN. flat to let for single woman during term times or 1 year from end of July. Highgate, N.6. Box 9563.

ST. John's Wd. Charm. gdn. flatlet, use b. & k. 3gns. Refs. MAI. 5647.

SINGLE flatlets, furnished—business ladies, complete home. Every modern convenience, constant hot water. 30 minutes City or West End. 5 mins. W. Finchley stn.—1 min. bus. From 50s. wkly. Box 9525.

MAGNIFICENT sgle. rm., 23×15, £3 3s. incl. cleaning, use k., bath., gas, C.H.W., bed-lin., milk-Trig. Elec. fire check. met. Perm. Prof. woman. MAI. 5267.

S.W.16. Furn. bed-sit. in graduate household, use kit. and bath. Pleasant district. 35s. p.w. incl. heat, light. Box 9458.

MAN wanted, share furn. flat with 2 graduates. 30s. week. STA. 2145.

FURN. flatlet, 2 rms., garden, nr. Woodside Park Station, suit single person. 2½ gns. HIL. 7970 or Box 9513.

GRADUATE household, N.W.3, single room, 45s. 6d. p.w. Also small single flatlet nr. Baker St. 2½gns. HAMpstead 8109.

MUSWELL Hill. Charming s.c. furnished flat. 2 bedrooms, 1 sitting-room, kitchen, etc. TUDor 5863.

ST. John's Wood. Furn. flat, 2 lge. rooms, own kit., suit couple or 2 sharing. 6gns. Tel. after 6 PRI. 2074.

FOREST Gate, E. Furn. flat, bathroom floor. 3 large rooms, overlooking fine park, bus stop. 30 mins. City. Quiet tenants. Refs. reqd. Southbank, Newhall Lane, Smalldole, Sussex. Tel. Henfield 3268.

HAMPSTEAD Village, v. pleas. room with piano avail. July-Sept. HAM. 4332.

FLAT, W.1. 2 rooms, kitchen & bathroom, available July 18-Sept. 11. 4½gns. per week. 'Phone MUS. 4206.

PROF. lady wishes to share her modern flat with another. Charming balcony room, newly dec. All mod. convs. Garages. Lovely surroundings. Highgate. MOU. 4620 evgs.

HIGHGATE Ponds. All-electric house, large garden, suit family 2/3 children, Aug. 21-Sept. 18. MOU. 2838. Box 9595.

SELF-contd. furn. basement flat, Cent. London (1 block from Brit. Museum & London Univ.), large sitting-room, bedrm., kit., bathroom. Sleep three. 4½gns. July 10-Sept. 7. PRI. 1660 after 7.

DOUBLE room, modern, extra large verandah. No rules or interference. Also single. 42s. 6d. PRI. 5602.

FURNISHED flat, lounge, dining, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, C. H. Finchley 0574.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

FINCHLEY Rd. by Frognal. Large attractive one-room flatlet. Separate kitchen (self-cont.), hot water, bed-linen, bath same floor. 4gns. Tel. appointment HAM. 2796.

MODERN single furnished room, cooking facilities. W.1. Box 9356.

AUTHOR offers self-ctd. flat, N.W.1 (3 mins. N. Line & buses), 2 r., k., b. (Ascot), tel., sun, peace, comfort, to person(s) knowledgeable in drama poetry, linguist preferably English mother tongue, able exch. occasional services (mainly cultural). Box 9599.

2 FURNISHED single bed/sits. to let (30s. & 35s. p.w.). Teacher, happy disposition, would welcome 2 students or teachers. Happy atmosphere. No stupid restrictions. Use kitchen, bath, etc., also landlady's own lounge & garden on social occasions. Priestley, 65 Redhill Drive, Edgware. COL. 6654.

S. DEVON Mansion, unique furn. flat; holiday flatlets; chalet; Merrington, Strode, Ermington. Modbury 362.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro: From Aug. 28. Furn. bungalow, 3 bedrms., bath., mod. cons. Also cottage, sim. acc. 4 mins. beach. Blackhurst, Porthallow, Nr. Looe.

BATTLE, Sussex. 2-rmd. furn. suite. Own bath & kitchenette. Priv. house. 5 gns. wkly. Min. 3 months. No children or pets. Suit quiet gentlefolk. Box 9347.

CORNWALL. St. Ives. Two 4-berth caravans, vacant Sept. 11-Oct. 3. Williams, 4, Sylverton Place, Heamoor, Cornwall.

MARLOW-on-Thames. Artist's attractive bungalow (garden, field) to let Aug. 14-Sept. 11, 6gns. p.w. Lovely country. Dahl, Middle Field, Marlow.

EXCHANGE period cottage 8 rooms, Epping Forest, accessible London, some domestic help, for similar accom., preferably sea, 1-2 weeks August. Box 9457.

EXCH. comf. Lond. house, Kensington, 4 bedrms., garage, for cntry. cottage not more than 15 miles sea, July 30-Aug. 15. R. Sielle, 1 Tor Gdns., W.8. WES. 5558.

MANCHESTER. Lady Civil Servant requires rent s.c. flat or small house. Might arrange exchange flat London, S.W. Box 9381.

WOMAN teacher wants unfurn. accom. or small flat, West London. Box 9446.

YNG. prof. woman Oxford grad. hopefully shs. furn./unfurn. accom. Cen. London. Anything consid. Would redecorate. Pref. S/C. 1/2 rms., k. & b. Reas. rent. Box 9378.

BELFAST. Civil servant (m.) requires pied-à-terre in or near Belfast. Board out essential. Box 9460.

YOUNG prof. couple seek small furn. flat for home-leave. Jan. 1, 10 weeks. Hampstead, Kensington or near. Box 9369.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CHILTERN village. Building plot ½ acre. Delightful view. Accessible London & Berkhamsted Public Schools. Box 9200.

HANTS and Sussex Border—Delightful labour-saving house in grounds of 3 acres, bordering sea with direct access and unobstructed view, ideal for boating. Cloakroom, 2 rec., large lounge, modern kitchen with Aga cooker, 4 good beds., bathroom immersion heater; all services. Box 9487.

DET. country cott. for sale. Suitable extension. Rural setting, secluded garden. E.L. Freehold vac. poss. 3 mls. Knutsford. Sant, Rose Cottage, Ollerton, Knutsford, Ches.

£1,900 o.n.o. Country-lovers' period house: good condition, modern kitchen (Rayburn) and bathroom, lounge, study, garage, & 4 beds. 18 yrs. lease, private mortgage. One hour Town. MON. 6011 & 1059.

SANDWICH. Modern semi-det., well-equipped freehold house, garden & adjacent plot, £1,700. Box 9380.

BOOKSHOP for sale, Lake Distr. New & 2nd-hand, est. 10 yrs. Lock-up. Quick sale wntd. for urg. health reasons. Goodwill, F. & F., stock 4,000 vols. £500. Box 9377.

CHARMING thatched Cottage, Essex, surrounded quiet meadows, on high ground between Blackwater and Crouch, on bus route, 3 bed., 2 sit., bath., h. & c. Main water, elec. Freehold £2,600. View. 'Phone VIC. 3544 or write 44 Millbank, S.W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, Wilts. For sale with possession. Particularly attractive long leasehold Residence occupying an unrivalled position on high ground on the outskirts of the Borough and affording magnificent views over the town, college and adjacent downland countryside. Accommodation: Large dining lounge, four bedrooms, boxroom, bathroom, garage, etc. Gardens and small paddocks. Main elect. and water. For further partics. apply Hooper, Pinniger & Co., Estate Agts., Marlborough (Marlborough 41).

WATERFALL (300ft) for sale in West Indies with 500 acres virgin forest and 12×16 house. Yearly temperature range 65-75. Room 519, 4, W. 43 St., New York City.

HOSTEL for deprived children for sale. Home Counties. Equipped for 35 children. Long lease, low rental. Ample grounds. Outbuildings. Main services. Cottages. Only nominal figure reqd. from suitable applicant having necessary exper. or qualifics. Box 9276.

FOR conversion nr. Tonbridge, 4 stables set in Castle grounds from £500-£800. Also 3 building plots, all services. Hadlow 322

USE ALL THE POWER YOU PAID FOR

Nothing put into petrol can give your engine more power than the maker originally built there. But you can use all the power he meant your car to have. The difference when you do is a revelation.

Shell with I·C·A has already worked this change in millions of cars. Many motorists have been surprised by the improvement. This is because they never realised how their cars were being held back by engine deposits, which form all the time the motor is running and cause pre-ignition and plug failure.

The I·C·A in Shell — and Shell only — makes these deposits harmless: it prevents both pre-ignition and plug failure. In these two ways it releases the engine's full smooth power.

SHELL

WITH

ICA

Try the two-tankful test

First fill up with Shell with I·C·A (Ignition Control Additive). Do not expect an immediate improvement, but

Second fill up with Shell again. This will give I·C·A a chance to work on the deposits already in your cylinders. The time I·C·A takes to work varies from car to car. (It depends on the type of engine and state it's in.) But you'll know when the process is finished, for you'll notice the improvement in your car's performance.

IT'S A REVELATION

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Design at the School of Home Science. Salary £1,092 8s. × £50—£1,292 8s. per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in London and New Zealand on August 31, 1954.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economic and Social History. Candidates should have special interests in Modern English Economic History (mainly since 1700), and research experience in that field is a desirable qualification. Salary scale £450-£550 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than July 25, 1954, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence for Women Students. Applications are invited from graduates for the following appointments: Tutor (part-time) of the Mary Worthington Wing (about 60 residents), with board and residence and an honorarium of £100 per annum. Assistant Tutor (part-time) of Stopford Wing (about 20 residents), with board and residence. Duties to begin at end of September, 1954. Applications, to be submitted not later than August 14, should be addressed to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of London. Goldsmiths' College—Training Department. Applications are invited from suitably qualified University graduates for the post of Head of a Hostel at Blackheath for 56 women students. The salary offered is £350 per annum (and membership of the F.S.S.U.) with residence. The duties will allow time for independent work. Applications should be sent as soon as possible to the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the University Press of Liverpool, at an initial salary not exceeding £800 per annum, in accordance with age, qualifications and experience. Applicants should have experience of publishing, a knowledge of book production, and some knowledge of accountancy. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than August 15, 1954 by the undersigned, from whom further particulars of the conditions of appointment may be obtained. Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

ST. James Hospital Management Committee, Portsmouth (Group 49, South-West Metropolitan Region). Applications are invited for the post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker II at the appropriate Whitley Council salary scale, at present £560 × £20 to £660. The duties of the appointed candidate will be mainly to undertake clinical case work under the direction of the Consultant Child Psychiatrist. An in-patient unit for the observation and treatment of children suffering from emotional disorders is attached to the department. Preference will be given to applicants with previous experience of case work and also to candidates who are interested in either teaching or research. Candidates must possess a recognised qualification. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be forwarded to the Physician Superintendent, St. James Hospital, Portsmouth, as soon as possible.

SOUTHAMPTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Research Social Worker required to undertake investigations in connection with a social study into the impact of tuberculosis on a community. Ability to initiate enquiries is essential and previous research experience, particularly in case work and home visiting, would be an advantage. The work will commence in August or September, and the post will be tenable for one year in the first instance. Salary £505 per annum and travelling expenses. Applications in writing, quoting names and addresses of two referees, to the Secretary of the above committee, Bullar Street, Southampton.

ASSIST. Matron, also Housemother reqd. for Sarah Laski Children's Home, Manchester, catering for healthy short stay children. Congenial post. Matron, 38 St. Mary's Rd., Manchester, 8. Tel. Cheetham Hill 2058.

DR. Barnardo's Homes invite applications from women holding Social Science qualifications, with experience of Boarding-Out work, for Welfare Officer vacancies in Southern Counties. Candidates should be Protestants under 45 years of age. Write Chief Executive Officer (Southern Area), 18 Stepney Causeway, E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires News Sub-editor in Manchester who (together with one other sub-editor) will be responsible to News Editor for day-to-day production of two regional news bulletins, one for Lancashire, Yorkshire and adjacent areas, the other for the most northerly counties. Bulletins deal with regional events and include live and recorded despatches, news talks, etc. The department also produces certain weekly topicality features and candidates may be required to assist in any of this work. Knowledge of the North of England and professional experience as Sub-editors in Press or radio or closely related experience essential. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "306 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

THE Science and Industry Committee. Applications are invited from persons with qualifications and experience in sociology, or the problems of management or allied fields, for a post with the Science and Industry Committee, which is studying the problems of speeding up the industrial application of the results of scientific research. The appointment will be for up to two years, and the salary up to £1,250 according to qualifications. Further particulars may be obtained from Professor B. R. Williams, University College, Keele, Staffordshire; final date, August 16.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1954; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1954. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1954 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £720-£890 (men); £625-£760 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £290 (at age 18) to £645 (men), £545 (women). Starting pay up to £520 (men) or £490 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/54.

LONDON County Council invites applications to act as Resident Heads or Deputy Heads of Children's Homes during staff emergencies. Experience in children's homes essential and child care qualifications (0-5 and/or 5-16) desirable. The positions (two) will be designated child welfare officers. When not required for duty at children's homes the officers will be attached to a London area children's office for non-resident work on receiving children into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, etc. Salary £531 5s. to £685. (Free emoluments during periods of duty in children's homes.) The positions offer experience over an exceptionally wide range of child care. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A1/810), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by July 31.

COUNTY Council of Durham. County Planning Department. Applications are invited for the permanent appointment of Research Assistant on Grade VIII A.P.T.—£785-£860 (commencing on the minimum). The successful applicant will be concerned with the establishment and maintenance of an industrial bureau in the County Planning Department. He will be required to compile a register of industrial sites in the County including information on services, stability, etc.; to analyse statistical material on industrial trends, and confer with industrial developers. Applicants must have experience of industrial location work and preference will be given to graduates in Economics or Commerce. Post superannuable and subject to medical examination. Apply with particulars of age, married or single, qualifications, experience and present salary, giving names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to the County Planning Officer, 10 Church Street, Durham, by Friday, July 16, 1954. J. K. Hope, Clerk of the County Council, Shire Hall, Durham.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may eventually be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, foraminifera, malacology and lichenology. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1954 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1954 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers (men) £975-£1,150; (women) £845-£1,025. Scientific Officers (men) £470-£855; (women) £470-£750. Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£760 (rates under review). Women's rates somewhat lower. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/54 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/54 and S.128/54 for the other posts.

PUBLIC Record Office: Assistant Keeper. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts. Age at least 22 and under 26 on January 1, 1954; extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and up to two years for other Forces service. Candidates must normally possess a First or Second Class Honours degree in Classics, Law or History; but candidates otherwise exceptionally well qualified academically may be considered. All candidates must have a good knowledge of Latin and French. London salary £470 to £655 (men); £470 to £580 (women). Starting salary may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory service in H.M. Forces. Promotion prospects. Application forms and particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 138/54. Application forms to be returned by July 28, 1954.

MALE graduates in History, Geography, or Economics, are invited to apply for appointment as Lecturer in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. Talks on every aspect of wool are given in schools and colleges and to adult audiences of all kinds. Previous lecturing or teaching experience is essential. Training will be given after appointment. The work will entail considerable mid-week travel. Commencing salary £550, with superannuation benefits after qualifying period. Subsistence allowance and first-class travelling expenses are paid. Applications, stating age and date available, should be marked "Confidential L" and addressed to the Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Appointment of Children's Attendants, Resident Foster Mothers and Assistant Foster Mothers. Applications are invited for the above mentioned posts in Children's Homes in various parts of Staffordshire. Further particulars and an application form can be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 23 Greengate St., Stafford. Please quote reference G. T. H. Evans, Clerk of the County Council.

APPLICATIONS are invited for post as Assistant Case Worker, able to assist generally in Council of Social Service Work. The post gives opportunities for general social work including Old People's Welfare, and scope for initiative. Social Science Certificate or similar qualification essential. Salary according to age and experience. Apply giving particulars of age, training and experience, together with copies of not less than two testimonials, to the Secretary, Walsall Civic Guild of Help and Citizens' Advice Bureau, Hatherton House, Hatherton St., Walsall.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Hostel of Women Students, Monks Park, Corsham. A Cook/Caterer is required from September 1, 1954. Salary according to age. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Corsham Court, Wilts. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

MALE secretary, shorthand-typing, good education, some Italian, age immat., good prospects. W.1 office. Write Box 9480.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE National Council of Labour Colleges requires a divisional organiser for division 1 North London Area and another for division 9 Durham Area, the London organiser to take up duties in October. Salary £500 rising by £15 a year to £575 (London £25 extra). Superannuation Scheme. Applicants must be able to lecture on a number of N.C.L.C. subjects and should apply to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Birmingham to assist News Editor in preparation of Midland news bulletins, production of news talks and collection of material for Television newsreels and other topical programmes. The work calls for sound editorial judgment and good and accurate sub-editing. Professional experience as sub-editor in Press or Radio or closely related experience and reporting ability essential. Good microphone voice desirable. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "307 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill two vacancies on our Organising Staff, Northern and Western areas of England. Initiative, good personality and Trade Union background required. Salary range including present C.O.L. allowance, £460-£611 p.a., according to qualifications. Application forms will be sent to all candidates. Write, stating area pref.: National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., London, S.W.1.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee, Gerrards Cross Memorial Centre. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Warden of the above centre which is controlled by the Gerrards Cross Community Association. The salary scales for suitably qualified persons will be the Burnham Further Education Scale, Grade A. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks. Applicants who responded to previous advertisement need not re-apply.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires in September resident Hostel Warden; suitable for married couple to take over duties of Warden and Deputy (no accommodation for children); individual applications for post Warden only also considered. Full particulars and application form from: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

SURREY Education Committee, Sheephatch Camp School, Tilford, nr. Farnham. Required: Mistress for Domestic Science. This post is residential and free board and lodging are offered in return for supervisory duties. Application form obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames.

BURSAR-Estate Manager required in September. Practical man with knowledge of administration, scrupulous personal standards, authority and discrimination, ability to supervise buildings and land, able to handle maintenance staff and children. Opportunity for trained business man to undertake work of educational and human interest in venture that is still pioneering. Salary not large but other compensations considerable. Headmaster, Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

WOMAN Personnel Officer required for Perivale Factory with 250-300 employees. University education and at least one year's industrial experience essential. Apply to Personnel Officer, Osram-G.E.C. Lamp Works, Hammersmith, W.6.

PIONEER Social Service Organisation requires secretaries in Islington and Kensington. (Shorthand, typing, book-keeping and money raising.) Scope for initiative; five-day week. Apply, Family Service Units, 159 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SHORTHAND-Typist required, £6 10s. 6d. per week at 25 years with cert. 120 w.p.m. Interesting and varied work in educational institution. Pension scheme. Three Saturdays off in four. Holiday arrangements confirmed. Accommodation in residential college available if required, 34s. per week. Apply in writing with details age, education, experience, to Education Secretary, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, near Loughborough, Leics.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

STATISTICAL/Secretarial Assistant. Interesting vacancy occurs for young lady in Managing Director's office of large well-known Manufacturing Co. in N.W. London. This is a salaried position requiring a good appearance and address, and good general education. Candidates must be competent shorthand-typists with knowledge of tabular layout, and have an interest and aptitude for statistical work. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, giving particulars of age, education, experience, etc., to Box 9481.

SHORTHAND-Typist under 30 years. Trade Union Office. £8 9s. 6d. rise to £9 8s. 120 w.p.m. Pitman's, 50 Typing. Details and appn. form write General Secretary, National Union Railwaymen (Room 15), Unity House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FABIAN Society reqs. Secretary/Shorthand-typist for Schools organisation. £305/£325 p.a. according to qualifs., plus increments; 5-day week. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

BODENHAM Manor School, Nr. Hereford. House Matron required for Special School for Maladjusted Children. 30 children—boys and girls. Apply in first instance to the Secretary, 23 Laburnum Rd., Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

CO-OPERATIVE Youth Centres Limited require a Shorthand-Typist for interesting work in a residential centre. Particulars from the Managing Secretary, Dalston Hall, Nr. Carlisle.

SECRETARY-Shorthand-typist reqd. by Voluntary Organisation. Age 25-30. Interesting, varied work in small office Central London. 5-day week. Box 9465.

WANTED: Two girls to assist generally for summer season. Suit students. Also man to assist manager generally, or man & wife, latter waiting & kit. work. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Short hours. No Sats. Up to £7 10s. p.w.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

TEMPORARY Shorthand and Copy Typists wanted for interesting work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MARRIED Couple (37) seek position for one or both with living accommodation two boys aged 10 and 4. Wife experienced as housekeeper at a large provincial hotel; also management of hostels and as commercial office manager; good cook. Husband wide experience institutional management, but preference for outdoor or practical work; able to drive all types of vehicle. Good references. All suggestions welcomed and acknowledged. Box 9502.

MUSIC: Lady, University Lecturer, wide teaching & performing experience (vocalist) returning from Guest-Lectureship abroad desires position at University, Music College, or in Adult Education. History & Form of Music. Voice-production. Vocal & instrumental ensemble work. Harpsichord. Good linguist. Box 9471.

A NEW career required by film technician, 32. Public School education. Good at figures, good appearance. Will consider any work in London with prospects. Must have stability. Will accept low grade position to gain experience. Box 9453.

CAMBRIDGE Honours man, teaching experience, French, English, History, shs. holiday post, London or coastal. Coaching, Tutoring or other work. Box 9462.

SOLICITOR'S clerk (27) shs. sit. with Criminal Lawyer. Anything worthwhile requiring similar aptitude consd. Box 9254.

CAMBRIDGE undergraduate, aged 22, requires job in London. Aug.-Sept. Must be interesting as opposed to monotonous. Gd. driver, own car if nec. Box 9215.

EXPERIENCED school bursar with business training seeks change; would assist teaching and games. Married, wife S.R.N. First-class references. Box 9211.

GENT, own ppty. North Italy, seeks any employment that region. Box 9157.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

YOUNG man, aged 21, seeks interesting and varied work where initiative and a sense of responsibility is required, preferably London or E. London area. No objection to unusual hours. Box 9292.

YOUNG girl (22), foreign, speaking French, Italian, German, eight months' experience looking after two young children in this country, seeks post. From end October, London or Cambridge. Françoise Weinmann, High Drive House, Woldingham, Surrey.

IS there a progressive employer who can use the services of a keen, young, experienced journalist? Could run house magazine, write copy, etc. Box 9281.

RETIRED business man, 55, experienced, reliable, efficient, seeks part-time position indoors. Box 9245.

GENTLEMAN, 33, educated at Eton; School Cert.; requires employment, preferably with cars and in S. England; clean licence, honest and keen. Box 9483.

COLOURED Law student (m.), West Indies, seeks part-time job. Tel. MOU. 9998.

COOK/hse.-kpr./sec., intell., capable, m. aged, reqs. job country. Box 9379.

WIDELY trav. yng. man (23), developed sensibilities, admin. exp. in advertising, would cons. more congenial pos. Intd. painting, philosophy and objets d'art. Box 9534.

PERSONAL

COUPLE wish join car-owner share expenses journey Continent leaving sometime aft. Aug. 19 for 14 days. S. coast pref. Rylands, Delaport, Wheathampstead. Tel. 3168.

QUALIFIED Teacher, 41, son 10 yrs., reqs. hol. post Aug. Domesticated, car driver, exp. rider, widely trav. Box 9500.

TWO foreign students (18 yrs.) seek accom. with family, London, fortnight from Aug. 1. If possible breakfast, supper incl. Moderate rent imperative. Shaffer, 34 Petite Boissiere, Geneva.

ITALIAN teacher wanted (private lessons); preferably N. or N.E. London. State terms. Box 9397.

FURN. attic flatlet, sep. gas stove, sink room; sleep 2 only, offered low rent exchange holiday baby-minding; some light help to doctor's family with 4 children. Refs. 'Phone Mill Hill 2967.

QUIET middle-aged Dutch couple, speaking English well, would like to stay with a family in London for 2 or 3 weeks from July 19. Midday meals not required. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Colebrook, Daphne Cottage, St. Johns, Woking.

PARENTS. Experienced married Norlander offers grounding domestic arts to 2 girls 16/18 for one year. Dorset town. Write Ware, 16 Julians Rd., Wimborne, Dorset.

GERMAN girl, 16, wishes spend a fortnight (July 30-Aug. 13) as paying guest with English family in London. Exchange possible. Apoth. W. Güstemeyer, Köln-Deutz, Waltharistr. 4.

FLAT to let Firenze. Aug. £25 (suit 5). Apply 6 Cotham Rd., Bristol 6.

PIANO stored. Music student would give care, insurance, etc. return use good piano. Ref. owner grand previously housed. Heyting, 21 Woodland Rise, N.10. Tud. 7397.

WOMAN student, 23, seeks job with family going to Europe, preferably Italy, July or August. Box 9484.

FRENCH Riviera: Vegetarian cook, kind, cheerful, wanted au pair. Idyllic setting. Jamin, Roquefort-les-Pins, A.M.

4TH party reqd. Continental motor tour July 22-August 8. Ham. 9336.

OXFORD undergrad. reading French and German, seeks job, September, pref. London. Anything considered. Box 9376.

SCULPTOR with international reputation has vacancies in his Chelsea studio for 2 or 3 gifted pupils. Apply Box 9375.

TEACHER (40) urgently reqs. 6 wks. hol. occup. Just lost husband. Box 9374.

YNG. writer (29) urg. needs B. & B. job, or patron. Talented many directions. Attempt almost anything. Active. Box 9333.

SCOT, 33, male, seeks holiday companion (m.) for car tour of S. England end of Aug. Exps. shared. Box 9313.

DORDOGNE, July 24. Lux. mixed camp tour; ft'nt. 2 seats 27*gns*. PRI. 7523.

15 Days Spanish Mediterranean sunshine. Vacancies private party, Aug. 28. Air. 37*gns*. Tel. ELS. 3472. Urgent.

SCHOOLTEACHER Widow shs. hol. comp. (f.) first 2 wks. Aug. BUC. 4901.

SUNBATHING, swimming, Med. coast. Bachelor leaving London soon wd. join another similar ideas. Native Frenchman perhaps, improve languages. C. John, Poste Restante, St. Helier, Jersey.

2 SEATS Italy, biggish tourer, Aug. 27-Sept. 12. Riviera, possibly Florence. Prefer couple, 30-45, contr. £28. Box 9530.

YOUNG man (30) seeks companion (m.) for week holiday in August. Box 9482.

CARETAKING offered in return 3 rooms, kit. Educ. couple, 3 school children (2 holidays only). Box 9451.

YOUNG and energetic teacher (27), Cambridge graduate, fluent French & German with some Russian, wishes temp. post, not nec. teaching. Salary not important but enough to live on. Avail. Aug. 1-Sept. 30. All offers consid. and answered. Box 9445.

STUD. (21, m., Jew) seeks hol. comp. (m.) 2-3 wks. Aug. Not necess. Jew. Box 9435.

YOUNG couple seek lift Barcelona/N. Italy, early Aug., share exp. Box 9429.

YOUNG Italian student (male) resident with family Barcelona, offers exchange with Engish student August England, October Spain. Write Box 9391.

YOUNG lady teaches French privately. Moderate terms. Greaves, 3 Fursecroft, George St., W.1. Amb. 4686.

AU pair: Viennese cultured lady (43) wishes summer hospitality in exchange for domestic help and conversation. Box 9494.

PROF. actress will undertake production for amateur societies. Also coach for auditions, &c. London area. Box 9248.

STUDENT'S wife, baby 3 months, willing to help with baby during summer. Share holiday or stay while parents away. Box 9337.

THE Misses Scarlett have moved from Cavendish Square to 46 Portland Place, W.1, Tel. LAN. 3626; and 6 Surrenden Crescent, Brighton. Tel. Brighton 52663.

PERSONAL—continued

MUSIC Festival Tours to Salzburg, Bayreuth, and Munich—15 days from £28 10s. including tickets for Festival performances. Edinburgh Festival, 7 days, £9 including 6 Festival tickets. Write now for full information to the N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

SALZBURG Festival. Tickets available from 10s. for the first, second and third weeks of the Festival. Operas—Der Freischütz, Ariadne auf Naxos, Penelope and also orchestral concerts. Write for full information to the N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

AGADIR lies on the southern coast of French Morocco, on the meridian of Miami and Cairo. Cooled by the Atlantic breezes, its blue seas and twelve miles of sand-dunes offer unsurpassed bathing the whole year round. By day there are bus rides into the Atlas mountains, or to such colourful oases as Tiznit, Tafraout or Goulimine, trading post for the little-known blue men of the Rio de Oro. By night, a gay French night life into the small hours. Until October 1 we can arrange a 19-day holiday, including a 7-day liner cruise between Marseilles and Morocco and 10 days full board at a four star hotel in Agadir (with a private bath or shower to every room and its own air-conditioned cinema), for £65 inclusive from London back to London. Similar prices in other resorts. Slightly higher rates will apply during the winter. Back's are specialists in North African travel, and are always glad to advise or assist the independent traveller in any way they can. Back's Travel Service, 56 Coram St., London, W.C.1. TERminus 0535.

YUGOSLAVIA. A few seats still available on our 16-day Grand Conducted Luxury Coach Tour visiting Ljubljana, Zagreb, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Mostar, Dubrovnik (5 days) Split, Sibenik, Crikvenica, Bled, 52*gns*. inclusive of all excursions and visit to Kotor and Cetinje. Special departures July 24, August 7 and 21, Sept. 4. Send for free illustrated brochure to See Yugoslavia, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

SUNSHINE Holidays: follow the sun with one of our parties of young professional people! Jugoslavia (July 30, August 13 & 27), Spain, including Majorca (July 31, August 14 & 28, September 12 & 25), Italy (July 17, September 4, 18, & October 2). Full details from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

COOKS wanted by University Theatrical company, 40 strong. Preferably two friends. Five weeks experience at Edinburgh Festival only remuneration. Write to Christopher Bell, Oriel College, Oxford.

PICTURE Bargains: £1-£10: Signed originals by Brangwyn, John, Sutherland, Tunnicliffe, Sickert, Skeaping, Duncan Grant, Etty, Nevinson, Meninsky, Dunlop, Bevan, McEvoy, Fry, Dulac and Nicholas Bentley. Box 9359.

CHINESE Student commencing London University September reqs. home with family in or near London. Box 9280.

QUICK prog. in French. Priv. lessons. Promotion. Individ. tuition. Mme. Delatour, 16 Manstone Rd., Kilburn. GLA. 0256.

FRENCH family wishes take paying guests (95 pesetas a day) at Palma, Mallorca. French cuisine. Apply Mme. Escartin, Barcelo, 208 Calle Calvo Sotelo, Terreno, Palma.

ROME. Share in cool airy flat offered, Aug. 1-14 approx., suit 2 persons. Reasonable. Box 9197.

AU pair Brussels. French-speaking family, 2 chldn., seeks mother's help from Sept. Ample free time. Ref. PRO. 1560. Box 9156.

FREELANCE feature-writer agricultural subjects, own farm New York State, travelling soon England, Europe, Israel, Africa, if possible, seeks assignments, suggestions, etc. Own farm (240 acres, 70 miles N.Y. City) for rent or exch. for small property in England. H. E. Lobstein, Bloomingburg, N.Y.

CHILDREN'S holidays with riding. Parndon Hall, Harlow, offers country holidays with every amenity for children's enjoyment; eight ponies with resident Instructress; riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organise games and excursions. Vacancies Aug. and Sept. From 4½*gns*. Apply Principal, Mrs. K. Clare.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

FOR highly strung children and adolescents the results of Nerve Manipulation are surprising. A therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600. Massage, Osteopathy. Ask for brochure.

MATHEMATICIAN coaches to Gen. Cert. of Educ. and to open Scholarship level. 33 Nottingham Pl., W.1. WEL. 8022.

PERSONAL—continued

MAN Sub-Warden (paid) & voluntary helpers (m. & w.) urgently needed for small Essex camp for London children from poor area. July 31-Aug. 17. Details from Miss Lorna, Denys Goodson Trust, F.13 Sloane Avenue Mansions, S.W.3.

EDUCATED German girl (18 yrs.) wishing to improve English would give domestic help in exchange for 12 months with English family. References required. Write Mason, 1A Lipson Ter., Plymouth, Devon.

ATHENS 1/2 seats, July 26. Whole or part trip. Cox, Upminster 4907.

WANTED: Help, preferably student, to make evening meal for couple in modern flat, Regent's Park. Box 9557.

YOUNG lady teacher seeks holiday companion (f.), or small party visiting Continent, any time July 24-Aug. 29. Box 9541.

MALE holidaying early Sept. two weeks, seeks travel companion (m.); ideas welcomed. Box 9552.

LAST-Minute Holidays Abroad. Special individual—not mass produced—arrangements made for all who still require a Holiday Abroad. Madeira, Greece, France, Italy, Spain and Scandinavia available. Business and Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C.2. WHI. 4114.

EXPLORE lovely Bucks country. Comf. cottage accom. in Burnham Beeches for hikers, cyclists. Weekends from 15s. Box 9437.

CRAVINGS of publicity men satisfied without drugs or exercises, John Vickers' portraits of their clients are guaranteed Chlorophyll-free. Tel. VIC. 4915.

NATUROPATHY, Osteopathy, Relaxation. John Lamming, D.O., M.B.N.A., 6 Upper Park Rd., N.W.3. (PRI. 7062) and 14a Gloucester Place, W.1 (WEL. 0120).

AU Pair. Young educ. foreign girls willing help with children and light housework—pocket money—available immed. for 3-12 months. Ref. exchanged. Booking for Sept. invited. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

EXCLUSIVE Continental Style Leisure Wear and very brief swim wear for Men. Illustrated catalogue on request from Vince Studio, 46 Manchester St., London, W.1.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service programme includes Bulgaria, Austria, Israel, Portugal, France, Spain. Send S.A.E., 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea & country. Every care. Open all year. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547 & 62783.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn*. to 5*gns*. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Av., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.I. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

ORDINARY Writing at 100-120 words per min. All langs. Test less. 2½*d*. Dutton Speedwords NS, 92/3 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid notes in your ordinary writing. Course 18s. 6*d*. M.A. Educ. (N), 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

HANDWRITING scientifically analysed, for character, aptitudes, temperamental-social adjustments, etc., by advanced graphological method. Mod. fees. Detail.: Box 8995.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

MEETINGS. Lects. Irving Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, seats 100, avlble fr. 10.30.

P.S. Incredible? Almost, but true. Harold Ingham has exactly one vacancy in his "Musicians' Tour" to Austria. Vienna and Salzburg with attendances at 8 Festival performances. Departure August 15, cost 39 *guineas* inclusive. One worm awaits a single early bird who will write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, or telephone Harrow 1040.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS Last 2 days 5 & 8. "Six Characters." Pirandello. Mems. 10s. yr.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

CASINO. GER. 6877. M/F. 7.45. S. 2.30 & 8.30. W. 2.30. Moscow State Puppet Theatre Co. Director: Sergei Obraztsov.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. 10.30, Sun. 9.30, "Late Night Party." Adm. 5s. Mem.

"SOMETHING To Sing About"—Poland's Tenth Anniversary Celebration at Cambridge Theatre, Sunday, July 18, 7 p.m. 80 performers with Ewan MacColl, Martin Lawrence, Alf Edwards, Harry Ross & distinguished cast of leading actors, W.M.A. Singers, Folk Dance Group, Accordionists, etc. Special visit of Polish Guest Pianist, Lidia Grychtolowna. Tickets 1s., 2s. 6d. and 5s. from British-Polish Friendship Socy., 81 Portland Place, W.1. (Tel. LAN. 6593.) Book immediately—no sales at door.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 11: Jacques Tati in Jour de Fête (U). Fr. 12: Valentino in Son of the Sheik (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, WAT. 3232. Sat., July 10, Irene Dunn, Melvyn Douglas in "Theodora Goes Wild" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., July 11, 7.30. "Journal D'un Curé Du Campagne" (U) France.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dance at The Brent Bridge Hotel, London, N.W.4, on Wed., July 14. Dancing from 7.30 p.m. Tkts.: Mems. 6s. Vis. 8s. 6d.

I.C.A., Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio, 8-11 p.m. Saturday, July 10 at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season presented by the B.B.C., Royal Albert Hall. Sat., July 24 to Sat., Sept. 18. Prospectus giving full programmes and details of ticket booking arrangements, now on sale, from Royal Albert Hall and Agents. Send 6d. postal order (not stamps).

29th Haslemere Festival, July 17 to 24. Director: Carl Dolmetsch, C.B.E. Early Music & Exhibition of Instruments. Details/Tkts, 2s. 6d.-7s. 6d., Haslemere Hall, Tel. 361. Also Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., and agents. Hourly trains Waterloo.

MUNICH Chamber Choir sings in St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Monday, July 12, 8 p.m. Progr. includes Schuetz, Scarlatti, Bach, Reger. Partics. from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2. TRA. 7231.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GIORGIO Morandi. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Prints. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till July 24. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GOYA. An exhibition of Drawings, Etchings & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 25. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1954. Hours 10—6, Sat. 10—1. Closes Aug. 28.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Claude Monet (1840-1926) in aid of The British Empire Cancer Campaign. 2s., Students 1s. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

THE Adams Gallery. 24 Davies St., W.1. Selections from Paris Studios.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Aug. 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George's St., W.1. Francis Bacon paintings, William Scott drawings. Until July 16.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

"PEOPLE into Pictures": Figurative paintings of four centuries, at the Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Recent paintings by Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid. Daily 10.30-6. Closed Sundays. Until July 31. Members free. Admission 1s.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Parallels in Modern Painting.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments will be closed from July 9 to 14 inclusive in preparation for a full-scale Regency Exhibition including Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace.

ROYAL College of Art Exhibition of Industrial Design. Royal College of Art, Western Galleries, Imperial Institute Road, S.W.7. July 10-24 incl. 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. weekdays & Saturdays.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Paintings of Red Indians by George Catlin, 1794-1872; International Photography by Combined Societies, 1954. July 15-Aug. 8. Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Admission free.

TAPESTRY by Jean Lurcat. Also Drawings, Gouaches, Oils and Pottery, covering the period between 1915 and 1954. Gimpel Fils, 30 South Molton St., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship. Wednesday, July 14, Caxton Hall, 7 p.m. Miss Picton-Turbervill, O.B.E., former Labour M.P., Miss Jessie Kenney. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., July 14, at 7.30. Andrew Campbell: "The Brewing Industry." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. 8.15 Tues., July 13, Discussion: "Open Air Sculpture Exhibition in Holland Park." Speakers: H. F. Clark, Joseph Mayo, Bernard Meadows, Robert Melville, Bryan Robertson. Chair: John Summerson. Thurs., 15, 8.15, W. S. Graham will read own poetry; also poems by contributors to "Merlin." Members 2s., Guests 3s. Membership invited.

ACADEMY House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns. Monday Circle, July 12, 8 p.m. Valerie Cooper, "The Development in the Art of Rhythmic Movement,' with demonstrations. Pushkin Club, July 16, 8 p.m. S. L. Grigoriev, "The Diaghilev Ballet."

LONDON Jewish Society. Mr. Hanworth Walker, Secretary of the International Vegetarian Union, will address the Society on his recent visit to Israel at the invitation of the Israeli Government. Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Thursday, July 15, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s 6d.

THE Business and Professional Forum. A discussion on "World Repercussions of the French Crisis." Speakers: Denis W. Healey, M.P., Christopher Hollis, M.P., on Thursday, July 22, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. 7.45. Visitors 3s 6d.

"THEATRE in Britain." Open Disc. led by Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. St. Anne's Church Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30, Mon., July 12. B.W.S.A. Mems. 1s. Ors. 1s. 6d. (Half-price L.O.Y., Students.)

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dr. Arthur Koenisberger on "Whither Germany?" at the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, W.1 (next Dominion Th.) Mon., July 12, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., July 11. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Lamarck: the Man and His Theory." Adm. free. Handbill on request.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, July 9, Miss V. Sinha, "Living." Friday, July 16, Dr. W. Bier, "Cruelty."

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture, 8.15, Fri., July 16. Rev. Michael Scott: "India's Contribution to Africa's Problems." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesday, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for July 13: "The Whirlpool of the Mind." Arranged by Shanti-Sadan. Admission free.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Impressions of Germany." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 11 at 6.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. July 17 at 6 p.m. Mr. B. De La Giraudière: "La pétrole, la meilleure et la pire des choses."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

COURSES of Study. Founded in 1887. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate, London Univ. Degrees, Professional Prelim., Law, etc. Low fees; instalments. Pros. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Courses Sept. 1 & 28. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GREGG Shorthand-typing, one month intensive course, Aug. 16. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

B.A. (General), G.C.E. (Adv.). No fees for full-time courses Londoners under 18. Others: fees mod. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN and German taught by exper. teacher, Kensington area. Box 9556.

ENGLISH for foreigners day and evg. courses for beginners & adv. students. Ashley College School of English, 47 Gerrard St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 8782.

SINUS Tone. Qualified teacher, pupil of the late E. G. White. KENsington 2127.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse. all ages. Brochure: Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: July 31/August 7, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking; August 14/21, Frensham Heights, Farnham. Speakers include Mark Abrams, Walter Allen, Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., Anthony Crosland, M.P., Hugh Dalton, M.P., Denis Healey, M.P., H. D. Hughes, Roy Jenkins, M.P., James Johnson, M.P., Roger Manvell, M.P., John Parker, M.P., Sir Frank Soskice, M.P., Mary Stewart, Michael Stewart, M.P., Brinley Thomas. Details from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

LANGUAGE Holidays: enjoy a carefree holiday in international company at one of our house parties near Windsor (July 24-August 7), in Cornwall (July 30-August 29), in Austria, Germany or Switzerland. German and French language practice and tuition. Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Summer Drama School, August 9-20. Practical Course for Amateurs with professional staff under professional conditions. Fee 5½gns. Syllabus: Mrs. M. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, London, S.W.19.

EVENING Drama School, Aug. 9-15, Day School, July 29-Aug. 7. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. Acting Technique, Production, Make-up, Stage Movement, etc. Syllabus: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

BOROUGH Bottega de Londres en Ronda Andalusia Spain. Write Secretary, Villa Paz, Palacio Mondragon, Ronda, Malaga, Spain, for particulars of summer & winter courses. Students of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, etc. Terms about £4 weekly inclusive of fees. Less if camping on estate.

THINKERS' Holiday Organization, 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Iman of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

"IN the day-to-day life of a small creative community we may be able to reach an understanding of the principle of positive mutuality . . ." See programme Sensory Summer School, Aug. 4-18, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

SCHOLARSHIPS

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with research experience for Scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics, including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Far Eastern History (China and Japan), Geography, History, International Relations, Law, Pacific History, Political Science, including Public Administration, Philosophy, including Social and Political Philosophy, and Statistics, including Mathematical Statistics. The Scholarship tenure is for a period of two or three years. The present value of a Scholarship is £A655 p.a. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £stg.100 towards a scholar's fares to and from Canberra. Application forms and further information may be obtained from The Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications should be lodged with the undersigned by August 31, 1954. R. A. Hohnen, Registrar.

MUSIC Scholarship for entry in September, Broomfield Preparatory School, Selsey-on-Sea, Sussex.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING: as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

EXPERT typist or copy-typist, freelance, ready to type letters, short stories, plays, manuscripts or any other work. Reasonable terms. Box 9438.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing. Expd. Secretaries. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1. MOU. 1701.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

THESES, MSS. typed promptly & accurately. Moderate charges. Box 9452.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting, Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS, etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS, of any length by arrangement, 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPEWRITING/Duplicating. Lit. MSS., testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate attractive presentation. Personal supervision. Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

FRENCH—to and from. Translations by expd. bilingual specialists. Anglofrank, 12 Duke St., St. James's, London, S.W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Surface Mail to any address in the world:
One year, £2 5s. 0d. 6 months £1 2s. 6d. 3 months, 11s. 6d.

Air Mail to any address in Europe: £3 8s. 0d. yearly.
To other countries: by special quotation.

Air Express (posted immediately on arrival at main airport):
Africa: South, £4 5s. East, £4 5s. West, £3 15s. India and Pakistan, £4 5s.
Singapore and Malaya, £4 10s. Australia, £6.

Special Service to Canada & U.S.A. Residents in North America may remit for Surface or Air Express subscriptions to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 30, East 60th Street, New York 32, N.Y. at these rates:
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.

All subscriptions are pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½*d.*; *Foreign* 1½*d.*; *Canada* 1*d.*

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 8471)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 58-59

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.